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THE ALABAMA NEGOTIATIONS.

THE see-saw of the American negotiation has been recorded, not without a curious effect, in weekly comments on the latest oscillations of the pendulum. A fortnight ago the Treaty appeared to be on the point of death, from which it unexpectedly revived when Lord GRANVILLE read to the House of Lords General SCHENCK's authorised communication. It was not unnaturally assumed that the discussion of the wording of the Supplementary Article would be amicably arranged; but the American Government, influenced perhaps by the taunts of its opponents at home, has announced that the limits of concession have been reached. The nature of the alterations proposed by the Senate is not yet known, and it is highly improbable that after so many efforts to save the Treaty the English Government should have insisted on any trivial or verbal objection. Lord GRANVILLE has already stated that the amendments bear no relation to the undertaking not to press the Indirect Claims. It may therefore be surmised that the Senate endeavoured to secure some inadmissible equivalent for the withdrawal of the claims; but it is useless to form conjectures as to the substance of a document which will almost certainly be published in a few days. The difference proved to be so serious that the English Government proposed that both parties should concur in an invitation to the Arbitrators to adjourn the proceedings. It is scarcely a cause for regret that Mr. FISH peremptorily rejected the suggestion, although he professed his willingness to assent to the adjournment if it were thought desirable by the Arbitrators. It now appears that the English agents will move for an adjournment, intimating at the same time their intention not to hand in their written argument unless their request is granted. The American SECRETARY of STATE has given notice in reply that he will consent to no qualified or conditional proceeding, and that if the English Government persists in its intention the American agent will be instructed to express the opinion of his Government in such terms as self-respect may require. The American Case afforded a specimen of the polemical style of its authors at a time when both countries erroneously supposed themselves to be on friendly terms. A protest against the conduct of the English Government will probably furnish an exceptional model of the American form of international courtesy. It is unfortunate that the favourite invention of philanthropists should on the first experiment of its use have caused universal irritation; but, as Mr. FISH lately explained with perfect candour, a reference to arbitration is the beginning rather than the end of a quarrel. If the inquiry had not been interrupted, the American counsel would have found many opportunities of giving utterance to their national feeling of dislike. The preliminary negotiations have, after a prolonged controversy, terminated in a wrangle. The English Ministers will be blamed for exposing themselves to contumely; but in great international discussions it is more creditable to suffer incivility than to inflict it.

It is strange that either professed supporters or avowed adversaries of the Government should attempt at the last moment to take the conduct of the business out of the hands of the Ministers who are both constitutionally and practically responsible. No remonstrance or warning could have extracted from Mr. GLADSTONE or Lord GRANVILLE a more definite promise than their repeated declaration that they would not proceed with the arbitration unless the Indirect Claims were withdrawn. The discussion in the House of Lords might possibly have weakened the hands of the Government at the decisive moment, although it now appears that Mr. FISH has abruptly terminated the negotiations. The adjournment of Congress, the announcement that the Senate will not be summoned to a special

Session, and the departure from Washington of the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE, show that the arbitration must fall to the ground unless the American agents at Geneva are instructed to concur in the English demand for an adjournment. It has been justly remarked in different Parliamentary discussions that it was the business of the plaintiff rather than of the defendant to render arbitration possible; but as the obnoxious concessions which have been made are irrevocable, it would have been well that the dispute should be finally settled. There can be no doubt that any honest and competent tribunal would award, at the most, a comparatively insignificant sum for damages, even if it were possible to hold that in the case of any of the cruisers the English Government had been guilty of a neglect of duty. At present a general feeling of annoyance takes the form of a kind of complacent satisfaction at the failure of the Treaty; but the angry interpellations in both Houses on Tuesday last indicated disappointment as well as disapproval. The irritation proved to be contagious, for Lord KIMBERLEY attacked Lord CAIRNS with an acrimony which in the House of Lords ought to be modified by more courteous forms. There was much ground for the suggestion that Lord CAIRNS had on more than one occasion furnished the American Government with arguments for their own interpretation of the Treaty and of less formal engagements; but it might be fairly contended that even an excess of candour was preferable to the exhibition of a patriotic bias. The proceedings of to-day at Geneva will be watched with some anxiety, although they will be purely formal. Even if they are nominally regarded as private, the details will probably be published by the exercise of that literary enterprise which at Washington disregards the barriers of official secrecy. If the eminent persons who meet for the purpose of doing nothing possess any sense of the ludicrous, they will be disposed to smile at the useless formality which they are assembled to transact. The English Arbitrator will have to take his seat with his colleagues when they receive from the English counsel his refusal to hand in the written argument prepared on behalf of his Government, or to proceed further with the inquiry. There is reason to fear that the representatives of the United States, especially as some of them are mainly responsible for the rupture of the Treaty, will give effect to the reported menace of Mr. FISH by the form of the protest which they may be expected to deliver.

The question whether the collapse of the *Alabama* arbitration will affect the arrangements with respect to the San Juan boundary and the Canadian fisheries can scarcely be answered by a mere reference to the terms of the Treaty. If either party insists that all the covenants of the Treaty must be interpreted as parts of the same whole, it would be useless to rely on the form or language of the document in proof of the opposite contention. As a matter of fact, it is well known that the PRESIDENT only consented to the appointment of the High Commission on the express condition that it should be authorised to deal with the *Alabama* claims. If the clauses of the Treaty have nevertheless been framed so that each portion is independent of the rest, the American Government would be justified in relying on the original understanding rather than on the language adopted by the negotiators; and in international controversies either litigant has the power, and therefore the right, of adopting his own interpretation of an ambiguous undertaking. It would be as idle for the English Government to demand a one-sided decision on the San Juan dispute as for the American agents at Geneva to require that the Tribunal should proceed with the *Alabama* inquiry after the withdrawal of the English agents. If the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE wish to limit as far as possible the points in dispute between the two

countries, they will proceed both with the San Juan reference and with the arrangements relating to the Canadian fisheries. In both cases the only object of the English Government is to guard against any collision which may endanger friendly relations. The Canadian question possesses economical as well as political importance, and the Imperial Government in this particular matter represents the interests of the Dominion rather than those of the mother-country. The determination of the San Juan boundary concerns the honour rather than the welfare of the Empire, although a decision in favour of the American contention would in some degree affect the security of the neighbouring British possessions. If it is true that the arguments of the agents on both sides have already been exchanged at Berlin, it would seem that a retirement from the arbitration would scarcely be consistent with due respect to the German Emperor; but Mr. BANCROFT, who prefaces his Case with a string of elaborate compliments to the august Arbitrator, may be trusted, in executing any instructions which he may receive from his Government, not to neglect the forms of courtly deference. All Englishmen will be of the same mind in desiring to rescue any fragments which may remain after the wreck of the Treaty; but the discussions of the last six months have done much to cool the precipitate enthusiasm with which the Washington arrangement was in the first instance received.

PETER THE GREAT.

RUSSIA has been this week celebrating the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of PETER the GREAT. A solemn service was held on the appointed day, last Tuesday, in the Cathedral. Then there was a procession by water to the landing-stage before the statue of the founder of the Russian Empire. The EMPEROR rode at the head of an imposing body of troops across the Isaac's Plain to the Cathedral of St. Isaac. Another grand service was celebrated, and once more the procession returned to the statue. A salute on the largest scale was fired, and the troops marched by in all their splendour. Everything that was possible was done in honour of the truly remarkable man who found Russia an Empire of savages, and left it an Empire in contact with, and almost a part of, the civilized world. It was not only that when PETER visited WILLIAM III. Russia was unknown to England, but there was nothing as to Russia which Europe was in the least concerned in knowing. Its only port was Archangel; Sweden cut it off from the Baltic; Turkey from the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. It had no cities, or wealth, or learning, or armies fit to cope with Europeans. PETER said that the Swedes taught him the art of war, and he learnt it as a perfectly new lesson, in a manner that made the Swedes repent that their teaching had been so good. PETER, under circumstances so very unfavourable, determined that Russia should not only be a great Power, but a great naval Power. He set himself to learn the rudiments of the art of ship-building, and he framed in the dockyards of Saardam and Deptford the project of giving Russia a navy. No instance of the expansive power of the political mind of man is more extraordinary than this. PETER entirely out of his own head invented the notion of Russia, a landlocked Power, becoming the mistress of great seas and the owner of gigantic navies. It was only part of the same idea, and not so striking a part, that he should have nursed the ambition of making Russia a Power distinct from other European Powers, and yet one of their number. Sweden and Poland collapsed before Russia, because they were little Powers affecting to be great ones. Turkey, unprotected by Western Europe, had no sufficient basis of resistance. That Russia should have learnt some of the arts of civilization from communication with Europe; that, possessed of these arts, she should have largely influenced Europe; that, with an autocratic Government and a brave, submissive population, she should have gradually won her way on all sides, is not so very wonderful. What is wonderful is, that the author of her greatness should have seen that a seaboard and a navy were necessary to her, and might be won by her, at a time when she had no ports, no ships, and no seamen. The only Russian who could see this was the Sovereign, and the Sovereign, in order to realize his visions, had to begin at the beginning and learn the merest rudiments of seamanship and ship-building. Perhaps the only parallel in modern times is that of FREDERICK the GREAT, who conceived and carried out the equally difficult project of making a tiny State without a frontier and without a military ally, by mere force of pluck, drill, good management, generalship, and economy, fight at the same time Russia, Austria, and France. Prussia is in

itself almost as unfit to be a great military Power as the Russia of PETER's earlier days was to be a great naval Power. But in both cases genius and patience, and the infinite attention to details which is the soul of patience, and perhaps of genius, won their way, and secured the desired end.

But although great works cannot be done without great workmen, still the great workman must have adequate materials in order to achieve his purpose. FREDERICK the GREAT could never have fought the Seven Years' War unless his subjects had been akin in temper and stubborn courage to their descendants whom we have seen marching through France in 1870. PETER could not have made Russia great unless there had been a Russia to make great. And the greatness of Russia is due to three causes. In the first place, there was the influence of a spirited, though utterly unscrupulous, set of alien adventurers whose talents were bought by Russia just as the statues and pictures and books of ancient Europe were bought to add to the nascent glories of St. Petersburg. In the next place, there was a frugal, hardy, devout, abundant peasantry, gifted with a great courage and a readiness to die for their Czar the fruits of which were made sufficiently apparent to the world of our days at the Alma and Inkerman. The present EMPEROR has at his absolute disposal sixty millions of subjects and a million and a quarter of trained men. Lastly, the most effective spiritual agency known to the modern world, that of the Russian clergy, is entirely at the command of the Czar. When PETER was in England he undertook, at the instigation of Lord CARMARTHEN, to permit the introduction of tobacco into Russia; and when it was represented to him that not only had the laws previously prohibited smoking, but that the clergy had denounced the practice as damnable, PETER replied that he knew how to manage the priests. Certainly the Czar has shown that they know how to manage their priests. The Russians are among the most devout of men. They are always rendering external homage to the signs of religion. They bow in adoration before every cross, and always have a pictured Saint at hand to bless and protect them. The clergy have all the respect and reverence paid them which flow from the hearts of an uninquiring and admiring people. But the whole of this spiritual power is an engine in the hands of the Czar. The priests only exist to serve him and to promote his glory. The Russian Church is at once a State Church with the extreme of vitality in itself and with the extreme of subordination as regards the State. PETER, who was entirely free from anything like high principles, and allowed nothing to stand in the way of his aims, persecuted the Protestants in his dominions to the complete satisfaction of his clergy; and his policy has been that of his successors, and has met the reward anticipated. The State upholds the Church with an iron hand, and the Church has no desire except to please the Emperor. If all that has taken place in the last ten years in the way of religious persecution in Russia, under a singularly mild and noble-minded Czar, could be made known, Europe would stand aghast. The Orthodox Church is maintained and its area extended at any cost; but the Orthodox Church is not like the Catholic Church in Catholic countries, a foreign and usurping Power—it is heart and soul the handmaid of the Emperor. For anything like it we must go out of European experience, and look at Mahomedan countries. The Czar is the head of the Faithful, just as the Sultan is the head of the Faithful, and the only difference is that the spiritual power of the Sultan is crippled, while that of the Czar is not crippled, by the opposing influence and the abiding control of foreign nations.

When great men have done great things for a nation it is natural and right that occasionally the greatness of these men and of their work should alone be brought into prominence, while their bad qualities and the evil they wrought are for the moment cast into the shade. It is quite true that, in spite of all these processions to and from the statue and the Cathedral, PETER was in real life a gross, cruel, sensual savage. But it is not for Russia to think of this at a time when the accident of what is pronounced to be an anniversary recalls, to the exclusion of everything else, what PETER was, and what he did, for Russia. It may, however, be observed that the works of great men have always two sides and operate in different directions. They have a constructive and at the same time a destructive force. PETER's object, in which, seconded by his able successors, he fully succeeded, was to make Russia at once great and part of the European system. Having become great, and having become part of the European system, the country inevitably tends to

change its character, and to lose those special elements of greatness by which it has risen. Russia becomes every year more like Europe. Its peasantry, and even its clergy, are on the road to change. We often hear of the Old Russian party, and perhaps are not clear what it means, and what it desires. Its meaning and its desires become clear if we regard it as the party which wishes to accept one half of PETER's work without accepting the other half. It wishes that Russia should be great in Europe without becoming European. It thinks that the status of the peasantry and of the clergy shall be immutable. It disregards the general politics of Europe and clings to Panslavism. It dreams not of absorbing Poland, but of blotting it out. It has persistently, and not unsuccessfully, resisted the benevolent and liberal policy of the Czar. It recoils from Germany because German thought and German training are the doors of European influence. PETER is at this moment, as it were, fighting with himself in Russia. The ladder by which his family has mounted to the heights of its dizzy ambition declines to be kicked down. Russia, to be all that he wished, needs to be transformed, and the transformation of a people is a long and difficult process. There are eddies and backwaters in the current of every national history, and Russia will only with many struggles and many retrograde movements become really European. There will be many scratchings of the skin, and the Tartar will always be revealed beneath. Of the ultimate result there can be little doubt. Russia will be gradually changed, but in calculating the effects of the change, which will be, it may be expected, favourable both to its real and apparent greatness, it must be borne in mind that the new Russia will not be the old, and that the peculiar instruments by which the dreams of PETER were realized will have ceased to exist.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

TWO out of three Conventions have nominated candidates for the Presidency of the United States. It is uncertain whether the Democratic Convention at Baltimore will think it more advantageous to propose a candidate of its own, or to widen the breach in the Republican party by adopting the nomination of Mr. GREELEY. If the managers of the Cincinnati Convention had seriously wished to elevate the standard of political and official morality, the selection of Mr. ADAMS would have entitled them to claim the votes of the large and growing class which is profoundly dissatisfied with the principles and practice of the present Administration. The Democrats, both in the North and in the South, might not improbably have concurred in the nomination of a candidate who has through circumstances, and perhaps by inclination, remained aloof from recent conflicts. During the Civil War and after its close Mr. ADAMS had occasion to prefer on behalf of his Government demands which seemed to Englishmen unjust and even extortionate, but the dignity of his own demeanour was universally acknowledged. No American politician could have been with equal propriety selected for the office of Arbitrator at Geneva, unless it had been thought desirable that the representatives of the contending litigants should be absolutely impartial. The choice of a President whose father and grandfather had already held the same high office would have served as an interesting illustration of the hereditary transmission of personal eminence; and it is not improbable that the vulgar American prejudice against family distinction may have operated to the disadvantage of Mr. ADAMS. In the earlier divisions his name stood at the head of the list, but the proceedings of American Conventions are as puzzling to strangers as the similar manœuvres of a Conclave of Cardinals. Some of the delegations probably satisfied themselves that it was impossible to secure an absolute majority for Mr. ADAMS; and it was alleged, not that Mr. GREELEY was fit for the office of President, but that he would receive a larger popular vote than any of his opponents. Whether there is a greater probability of obtaining a competent ruler by a system of Conventions or by reliance on primogeniture is a doubtful question; but it can scarcely be disputed that a Prime Minister appointed because he is already the leader of the dominant party affords a better guarantee of competence than a Presidential candidate who emerges from the intrigues of a Convention. The principles or doctrines which Mr. GREELEY may be supposed to represent are not even professedly held by his principal supporters; and his own personal qualifications are universally regarded as ridiculous. Full of the zeal and narrow intolerance of self-taught and half-taught men, not deliberately dishonest, and yet consciously trading on his own

simplicity, Mr. GREELEY has acquired much popular influence by appealing to the ignorance and prejudices which he shares. While he is totally devoid of the humour of COBBETT, with whom he has been compared, he is equally vehement and abusive in his language. Utterly incapable of understanding the most elementary reasoning in political economy, Mr. GREELEY has constantly asserted that Mr. WELLS and other American advocates of Free-trade are bought in that currency which he characteristically designates as "British gold." It is unnecessary to add that he piously adopts the doctrine taught in the school-books of his youth, that, in memory of that profound and bloodthirsty tyrant GEORGE III., every true American ought to cherish an implacable hatred to England.

The more respectable promoters of the Cincinnati Convention are bitterly disappointed by its result. It was their desire to check the corruption which threatens to pervade political society by a protest against the present Administration. Some of them held that a Protectionist policy was not only injurious but discreditable to the country; and they hoped that it would be possible to find a candidate who might advance sound principles with something of the authority of a statesman. They have now learned that a Convention can only be manipulated by professional practitioners of the base art of electioneering. Those who were dissatisfied with the policy of General GRANT find themselves saddled with a nominee who affects as his best title to public confidence the homely rudeness of an Athenian DICEOPOLIS or a Roman OFELLUS. It is true that the most rustic obstinacy may be overcome by pressing considerations of personal expediency. The Liberal Republicans were not prepared to accept, in deference to Mr. GREELEY, the preposterous tariffs which he has constantly upheld. It might have been feared that his inveterate suspicion of British bribery would have been insurmountable; but the prospect of danger to his candidature overcame his scruples. Mr. GREELEY now consents to leave the question of taxes on imports to be determined by the wisdom of the people in their Congressional districts; or, in other words, he remains neutral on the issue which he has hitherto maintained with unwavering arrogance of assertion. The Cincinnati platform or syllabus, while it is clear and definite on every undisputed question, leaves the economic controversy untouched. It is thought, perhaps on sufficient grounds, that all sections of the opponents of General GRANT will be equally ready to waive their various convictions.

The Philadelphia Convention of the regular Republican party came together already pledged to support General GRANT. A large majority of the most corrupt politicians in the United States, including the most experienced managers of elections, had previously secured the local constituencies and their delegates. Civil Service reform has been uniformly discouraged by Mr. GREELEY; but it was known that many of the seceders were bent on attacking the stronghold of political corruption. The CAMERONS and FORNEYS have rallied round the standard of General GRANT, who has, probably through inexperience, uniformly prostituted his patronage to political purposes. Mr. WILSON was nominated as the Vice-President on the first ballot; and it only remained to publish a declaration of principles which may with one exception compare in unmeaning vagueness with the Cincinnati platform. The GRANT Republicans have determined, on a calculation of chances, to identify themselves with the advocates of Protection, and they will therefore receive the support of the Philadelphian ironmasters, and of the majority of the manufacturers of New England. It can hardly be denied that, as a successful soldier, General GRANT is with all his faults a more presentable candidate than Mr. GREELEY. A general who has won several pitched battles, and who has commanded enormous armies, can never be despised as an insignificant person. On the other hand, General GRANT has been one of the least capable administrators among Presidents of the United States, and he has been unfortunate in his cousins and brothers-in-law, who have all been appointed to office, and many of whom have been connected with questionable pecuniary transactions. The admiration of military eminence which is common to all nations prevails widely in the United States; and yet General GRANT has long ceased to be an object of general enthusiasm. The managers who undertake his re-election, while they naturally make the most of his former exploits, rely largely on the holders of office, who have been systematically selected because they were supposed capable of making themselves useful in the Presidential contest. The expectants of promotion probably incline to the same side, though some of them may think that there is a better opening for those who follow the fortunes of Mr. GREELEY.

At the election of 1868 the Democratic party commanded two-thirds of the votes. The Republicans have since been weakened both by the accomplishment of the process of reconstruction and by their own internal dissensions. The partial removal of disabilities, and the entrance of a younger generation into political life, have increased the number of white electors in the Southern States; and it may be assumed that they are unanimously hostile to General GRANT. The scandalous malversation which has been practised in the Southern States by Republican adventurers who derived their power from the votes of the negroes has additionally discredited the Republican party; but it seems to be thought that the Democrats are not strong enough to carry the election, although they may perhaps decide the struggle between GREELEY and GRANT. The imperfect representation of the minority has secured to the Republicans the absolute control both of the Senate and of the House of Representatives; and a Democratic President would find himself embarrassed, like Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, by the hostility of Congress. It is in preparation for the struggle, or, as it is called in America, the campaign, that both Houses are in a hurry to adjourn. From June to November the whole country will be alive with rumours, with appeals to opinion, with public meetings, and with fervid orations. The gravest and most conscientious politicians will be the least active, as it is impossible that they should sympathize with either or any of the candidates. The popular excitement, though noisy and incessant, is after all superficial. The indifference of the ordinary American to the qualifications of candidates for office is in some degree founded on an enviable confidence in the institutions and the destiny of the United States. The rapid advance of corruption has not yet visibly impaired the material prosperity of a country which, happily for itself, requires little interference on the part of the Government. Notwithstanding perverse tariffs, domestic industry flourishes in a region which is wide enough to be a world of itself. A majority of the population regards GRANT and GREELEY with the same kind of interest which is felt by a large class in England in the favourite runners for the Derby or the Ascot Cup. Mr. GREELEY's success would create amusement, and his failure will not occasion serious disappointment. It is patriotic to rely on the luck which, by an entirely undesigned coincidence, made the election of Mr. LINCOLN happen at the very outbreak of the Civil War. Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON was chosen as Vice-President because he had been a journeyman tailor, and it never occurred to his supporters that attention ought to be paid to the qualifications of a functionary who is only separated from supreme power by a single life. The first election of General GRANT was the inevitable consequence of his military achievements; the second will indicate a relapse into traditional indifference. The gradual and uninterrupted decline of political character and ability in America from Colonial times to the present day results not from actual degeneracy, but from the growth of a democratic aversion to personal or social pre-eminence. As long as the national vigour is not impaired, the mischief is not irreparable; yet the descent from PERICLES to HYPERBOLUS, or from WASHINGTON to BUTLER, is an unpleasant subject of contemplation.

THE LORDS AND THE BALLOT.

THE Conservative majority in the Lords were in a position of great difficulty when the Ballot Bill came on for discussion on Monday night. Most of them entirely agreed with Lord CARNARVON that "the Bill is a crude and ill-digested measure, full of snares and pitfalls, and likely to be fruitful of failure." But then this Bill, bad as they think it, has come up from the House of Commons after having been passed by considerable majorities, and after the Lords had last year refused to consider it on the very proper ground that it came to them too late for any real discussion. Under such circumstances are the Peers constitutionally free to weigh the Bill solely on its merits, and to reject it if they dislike it? The Duke of RICHMOND thought that they were not free. They might show in debate that the Bill was uncalled for, un-English, and prejudicial to the interests of the nation, but they must allow it to be read a second time. Then would come their hour, and they might kill it by carefully devised amendments. The Duke of RICHMOND's lead was followed, although with evident reluctance, by Lord CARNARVON and Lord CAIRNS, who spoke with the greatest vehemence against the Bill, and then left the House before a division was taken. Lord SALISBURY took the opposite line. He held that the Lords were at perfect liberty to reject the Bill, and that if it

was to be rejected, the straightforward and creditable course was to reject it openly, and not to trust to taking all the virtue out of it by amendments. On the latter head Lord SALISBURY seems to us indisputably right. This method of trying to kill a Bill by amendments, after its principle has been accepted in deference to the wishes of the Commons, has two great disadvantages. It is very undignified, and it is almost certain to fail. If the Lords cannot resist the will of the Commons in June, they are not at all likely to be able to do so in August, and if the Commons are firm in August, any destructive amendments of the Lords are sure to disappear. It is true that there may be exceptional cases. A Ministry which is fairly strong in June may be very weak in August, or may have disappeared by that time. It is impossible to pronounce as yet whether the present Government will survive the criticism of their proceedings under the Washington Treaty; and if they went out of office, the Lords would at once have got rid of the Ballot Bill, and have earned the credit of not having been obstructive and reactionary when it came on for the second reading. But, as a rule, it is a mistake for the Lords to give way on a second reading and then try to kill a Bill by amendments; for they transfer the settling of the real point at issue from a moment when they have considerable power to a moment when they have scarcely any power at all, and they lay themselves open to the charge that they are trying to do indirectly what they dare not do directly.

Whether the Conservative leaders in the Lords were right in permitting the Bill to be read a second time is partly a question of principle and partly a question of prudence. There are occasions when the Lords ought to allow measures of which they strongly disapprove to become law, for the simple reason that if the nation wants the measures carried, there is no other mode of getting them carried. Lord SALISBURY would agree to this, but then how are the peers to know what the wishes of the nation are? *Prima facie* the wishes of the nation ought to be gathered from the deliberate and repeated votes of the House of Commons sanctioning the proposals of the Executive Government. Unless the measure is a Government measure, the Lords know that the House of Commons, and those whom it represents, consider it a matter of very small importance. But if it is a Government measure, then the weight of the authority of the Commons as representing the nation ought not, we think, to be lessened, except under very unusual circumstances, by the fact that the issue was not prominently presented to the consideration of the constituencies at the last general election. There are other and better modes of ascertaining whether the action of the House of Commons is approved by the constituencies. There are plenty of ways in which constituencies can let their members know their wishes; and while an important Bill was passing through the House of Commons, the constituencies, if they thought their members were misrepresenting them, would be sure to let their opinions be known. The elections, too, which take place from time to time offer another means of estimating what the wishes of the nation are. With regard to the Ballot, it must be owned that the Bill has now passed the House of Commons twice without the constituencies having given the slightest sign that they are misrepresented in the matter, while in all recent elections the successful candidates have been either supporters of the Ballot or silent about it. Under these circumstances the Duke of RICHMOND was probably right in thinking that the Lords ought to yield; and that prudence counselled the same course is too obvious to need any proof. Lord SALISBURY took the bolder line, but then he was aware that he was incurring no responsibility by doing so. He knew that the second reading was going to be carried, and he was therefore free to oppose it with all his strength.

It was not to be supposed that the Lords could urge any new arguments for or against the Ballot. The experience of the Australian colonies was once more quoted for the Ballot, and that of the United States against it. But it has long been discovered that the experience of other countries cannot decide whether we ought to introduce the Ballot here. No one bribes in Australia under the Ballot, but that is probably not so much because of the Ballot as because no one thinks enough of getting into a Colonial House of Assembly to pay for the honour. As in England there are hundreds of men who would any day pay thousands of pounds to get into Parliament, there is no parallel between the cases of the mother-country and her colonies. In New York, and in a minor degree in other States of the Union, there is a considerable amount of intimidation, personation, and fraudulent manipulation of the ballot-box. But England is not like New

York, nor indeed are most of the States of the Union. We know that a speculator in New York State can keep a tame Judge of his own, and in a state of society where such a thing is possible the Ballot may utterly fail without the failure being any argument against it in a country like England. Lord GREY, who moved the rejection of the Bill, had scarcely anything to say except that the Ballot was the beginning of further changes in the Constitution. Not that he disapproved in so many words of further constitutional changes, but he thought that they ought to be all made at once. Lord SHAFTESBURY took a high line against the immorality of the Bill. He was prepared to see the Church, the Lords, and even the Throne vanish into space, and the ruins of those institutions would still find the just man fearless; but he was not prepared to look with indifference on the utter demoralization of a whole nation, which must, he thought, be the result of the Ballot. Having thus delivered his testimony, he went away and did not think it worth while to vote against this fatal measure. The Ballot Bill certainly has one most extraordinary feature about it, and that is, that it is almost impossible to tell whether any one who patronizes or denounces it means what he says. One line of argument, however, was opened by Lord SALISBURY which possesses increased interest in proportion as the prospect of the measure becoming law grows more distinct. Let us suppose that the Bill does all that it pretends to do—that it is found workable, leaves bribery as it is, discourages intimidation, and does not much encourage personation, what will be its more indirect effects? What will be its consequences in Ireland? Will it lead to a large and growing abstention from voting in all constituencies of some considerable size? We fear that the prospect in these directions is very cheerless, and that the tyranny of Irish priests, and the reluctance of quiet people to mix themselves up in politics, will be considerably increased by the Bill.

The amendments which the Duke of RICHMOND intends to propose in Committee are to embody schemes for making a scrutiny possible, and for making the Ballot optional. There always may be, and possibly is, a great deal of personation in every large constituency, and it is generally effected with perfect impunity, and with some successful influence on the result. But if on a petition a scrutiny is asked for, the vote can now be struck off which the personator has given. Under the Ballot Bill a vote can only be struck off if it can be proved that the candidate or his agents abetted the personation. Personation, therefore, is more likely, it is said, to prevail under the Ballot because it is more likely to prosper. The Duke of RICHMOND accordingly proposes that the votes shall be given in such a manner that it can be known how each man has voted if there is a petition. There are two objections to this which we wait to see how the Duke surmounts. Every voter will be aware that if a petition is brought his vote will be known, and as it is in keenly contested constituencies that petitions are most frequently brought, the voter would feel that his vote would be made more likely to be known by the very existence of the bribery and intimidation from the pressure of which he was anxious to escape. In the next place, there is a very great mechanical difficulty in inventing any mode of voting by which the vote shall hereafter be capable of being made known, without letting the agents know at the time of voting how the vote has been given. This is only a mechanical difficulty, but it is a very formidable one, as it has been decided that the voting-papers after the poll is closed shall be inspected by the presiding officer in presence of the agents. The second amendment of the Duke of RICHMOND is certainly most efficacious for its purpose. If the Ballot is made optional, all the harm and all the good of it will be gone. The man who is bribed will earn his money by showing how he votes; the man who is intimidated will be intimidated out of using the Ballot. There are people indeed whom an optional Ballot might suit—timid men who are not bribed, and who are not exactly intimidated, but who would like to vote without giving offence. At present these people generally escape their difficulties by not voting at all, and certainly they cannot be said to deserve that the cumbrous machinery of the Ballot shall be introduced for their special advantage. Unless the Ballot does whatever it can be made to do towards the prevention of bribery and intimidation, it cannot be worth adopting; and if it is optional, it can do little or nothing at all.

COMPULSORY SERVICE IN FRANCE.

THE debate on the 37th clause of the French Army Bill—the clause which fixes the term of service in the active army at five years for one part of the yearly contingent and at a period varying from six months to a year for the remainder—is full of interest both for soldiers and for civilians. The two sides of the question have been admirably argued by General TROCHU and M. THIERS. According to General TROCHU the first thing to be done is to make military service really universal. In war quantity is now of more importance than quality. Of course there is a certain minimum of knowledge and practice without which a man is not properly a soldier at all. But when this is secured a large number of fairly trained troops is better than a small number of veterans. The practical conclusion from this reasoning is that the whole of the yearly contingent should serve for the same time, and that the time should be as short as is consistent with making the men soldiers. This limit, as fixed by General TROCHU, is three years—to be reduced, as the new system comes thoroughly into play, to two years. According to M. THIERS the first thing to be done is to make the army thoroughly effective. Quality is still of more value than quantity. A few thoroughly good soldiers are better than a much larger number of ordinary troops. The conclusion which M. THIERS would like to draw from these premises is that the term of service should be at least eight years. But in deference to the Committee which has charge of the Bill he has reduced this term to five years. It is admitted on all hands that it is impossible to make the whole population serve for five years, so that a division of the contingent becomes inevitable. The part that remains five years with the colours will constitute the real army; the rest will form a reserve, out of which the real army may be recruited with the smallest possible outlay of time and trouble.

In this controversy everything turns in the first instance on the precise length of service which is necessary to ensure an army of the proper quality. If five years is the shortest time which can be trusted to produce this result, the five years must somehow be found; and if it is impossible to find them for the whole population, they must be found for a part of it. Upon this point the balance of professional opinion in France seems to be against General TROCHU, and so long as this is the case civilians will always have an excuse for preferring the view which is most favoured by experts. If it could be proved that the shorter period proposed by General TROCHU is sufficient for this object, the system of an equal length of service for the whole contingent would have a decided advantage over the compromise proposed by the Committee and accepted by M. THIERS. No doubt the burden of compulsory service for two years would be extremely heavy. But it would be greatly lessened by the fact of its being imposed upon all alike. It would be so much taken out of every man's career; but this very universality, while it makes it more serious in imagination, makes it less serious in fact. No man is placed at a disadvantage by having to spend two of his best years in camp, because the same necessity is laid upon all his rivals in the business of life. In this respect the plan is decidedly superior to a plan which makes professional soldiers of one half of the yearly contingent, and relegates the other half, after a scarcely perceptible interval, to the practice of their trades or professions. There is no equality between the lot of two men entering the army at twenty, and leaving it in the one case at twenty-one, and in the other at twenty-five. The four years which have been taken from the one and left to the other may be an irretrievable injury to the former. Thus the real weakness of the French Army Bill as shaped by the Committee and M. THIERS lies not so much in its treatment of that part of the contingent which is sent home at the end of the year as in its treatment of the part which has to remain with the colours. As regards the former, it is true that a stay of twelve, or perhaps only six, months in camp will not have made them soldiers. But it will have made them acquainted with the rudiments of military training. With proper provision as to occasional drills they ought to be as good as the average of English Volunteer regiments, with the additional advantage of having a known place in the regular army and some experience of military discipline. Considering that this description will in no very long time apply to the whole adult male population, the opponents of the scheme seem fairly open to the charge of underrating the military benefits which the Army Bill will confer on France. When we turn to the other half of the contingent, the picture is less encouraging. In name, they are only giving their country that personal service which she

demands from all her sons. In fact, they are giving her that personal service which she demands from some of her sons and excuses from others. In whatever way the distinguishing line is drawn, those who are on the wrong side of it will envy those who are on the right side. If it is made a matter of arrangement, and young men belonging to the half which is to be sent home are allowed to exchange with young men belonging to the half which is to remain with the colours, a door is virtually opened to the revival of substitutes. If the selection is vested in the Minister, there will be much actual and more presumed favouritism. If it is left to chance, the distinction between lucky and unlucky numbers will be maintained, and, instead of feeling that they are sharing the common lot of all their neighbours, the conscripts will think themselves the victims of exceptional ill-fortune.

The Assembly, if left to itself, would perhaps have voted for General TROCHU's amendment. Universal personal service is the popular cry just now in France, and it was obvious that the term of three years imposed upon all without distinction is a much more thoroughgoing mode of bringing this principle to bear than a system which allots five years to some and six months to others. But it was known that the Government and the Committee had with much difficulty found a common point upon which they could agree, and the Committee so far represents the majority that the latter were not likely to repudiate their acts. General TROCHU was defeated by a majority of 134. The next day the conflict was renewed on an amendment of General CHARETON's, proposing to substitute four years' service for the five years proposed by the Committee. There seems no ground for supposing that this motion would have met with any better fate than its predecessor. M. THIERS had insisted on five years as the very shortest term which he could accept, and it was not likely that, after rejecting three years for political reasons, the Assembly would suddenly put politics aside, and accept four years for purely military reasons. Indeed even on this last ground there was much less to be said for General CHARETON's proposal than for General TROCHU's. The former did not aim at making the term of service the same for the whole contingent, and consequently it did not differ in principle from the compromise recommended by the Committee. M. THIERS thought fit, however, to oppose the greater resistance to the lesser amendment. He argued against General TROCHU; he met General CHARETON by a simple menace of resignation. He was responsible, he said, for the safety of France, and the greater his responsibility the greater should be his freedom of action. If the Assembly did not vote for the five years' term, the law would have to be carried out by some one else. By a curious confusion of thought he justified this determination by a reference to his conduct as Minister under LOUIS PHILIPPE. He had resisted a respected and beloved King, and told him frankly that he must not follow this or that policy. M. THIERS has apparently forgotten that he now holds a constitutional position which bears a much closer resemblance to that of the King who was opposed by the Minister than to that of the Minister who opposed the King. In the peculiar circumstances of the country he may have good grounds for going beyond the province technically assigned to the President of the Republic. But there is nothing gained by making the Assembly feel that, by whatever name M. THIERS may be called, his attributes are those of a Dictator. In fact, there is a great deal lost, because the habit of submitting to Dictators has already far too strong a hold on the French people, and the true policy of a patriotic statesman would be to accustom them to the idea of self-government, even while he was in fact taking the most part in governing them. As yet the threat of resignation seems to have lost none of its force. General CHARETON's amendment was rejected by a majority of 421. Perhaps M. THIERS may regard this as a final vindication of his hold over the Assembly, and may abstain for the future from a game which, in spite of appearances, must tend to become more dangerous the oftener it is tried. M. THIERS may dare the Assembly to do without him once too often. It is certainly true that no one has yet superseded him either in the Chamber or in the country; but it is also true that new men are coming by degrees to the front, and that the position of the Assembly, if it were suddenly left without M. THIERS, would no longer be one of hopeless desolation.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE AMNESTY AGITATORS.

SOME of the Irish members who presented a memorial to Mr. GLADSTONE for the release of the Fenian prisoners will probably acquiesce with fortitude in the unsuccessful result of their application. Gentlemen of the class to which Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSET belongs, although they may think it their duty to forward the wishes of their constituents, are not likely to confuse the crimes of the accomplices in the Manchester murder, or of soldiers who have been false to their oath and their colours, with the offences which are ordinarily regarded as political. The worshippers of the Manchester martyrs and the friends of their surviving associates have no better argument to urge in favour of the heroes whom they admire than that they were engaged in a lawful war with the enemies of their country. It would be useless to urge on an Irish rabble the consideration that the violent rescue of prisoners in a peaceable country has nothing whatever to do with belligerent rights and privileges. The people who put the Manchester policeman to death for discharging his simple duty had, a moment before the commission of the outrage, enjoyed the full benefit and protection of the laws which they proceeded to violate. Even if the right of private and individual war had been recognized by any civilized community, the Manchester criminals neither issued a defiance to the QUEEN nor gave formal notice that at their own risk they were prepared to shoot her officers. The only excuse for making a distinction between political offences and ordinary violations of the law is that the moral guilt of resistance to established Governments varies through a wide range from the verge of moral virtue down to vulgar crime. The casuists who have at different times paradoxically excused tyrannicide have never extended the license of slaughter to lictoricide or the murder of plain policemen. It might have been thought that even the perversity of Irish faction would acknowledge the justice of the sentence passed on the murderers, and would abstain from insisting that the Government should allow the accessories to escape with impunity. It has also been taken for granted elsewhere that military allegiance is exceptionally sacred, and that a soldier convicted of treason or of desertion to the enemy is treated with exceptional leniency if he escapes capital punishment. The advocates of amnesty include among their number many avowed enemies of English rule, as well as a certain proportion of Liberal members who profess to think the exercise of mercy desirable. Mr. GLADSTONE's answer will be received with general satisfaction, although he is unable to make up his mind whether there are two or three Manchester prisoners. On either assumption the Government has resolved that the two or the three shall undergo the remainder of their sentence; and it was impossible that the delinquent soldiers should be liberated, with the direct result of encouraging the relaxation of all military discipline. For the comments which his answer could not fail to produce in Ireland Mr. GLADSTONE is probably prepared. It is consolatory to reflect that Irish astonishment and indignation are often less strongly felt than expressed.

The first release of Fenian prisoners was perhaps an act of prudence. Two or three of their number were native or naturalized citizens of the United States; and although at that time the English law allowed of no transfer of allegiance, it was known that the American Government, which was on other grounds unfriendly to England, was disposed to claim the right of protecting its foreign citizens. As far as the crimes of the prisoners had been committed within the United Kingdom, it would have been immaterial to inquire whether the perpetrators were English subjects or aliens, except for the obsolete arrangement by which foreigners were entitled to be tried by a jury chosen *de medietate lingue*; but some parts of the evidence referred to conspiracies organized in New York; and it was possible to raise a legal question on the liability of a foreign offender to punishment for acts committed in his own country. To avoid a possible collision with American claims, it was thought expedient to release some of the alien Fenians; and the Irish offenders who came within the same category of crime were simultaneously pardoned. It would perhaps have been more judicious to abstain, at least for a considerable time, from any further display of leniency. O'DONOVAN ROSSA, who is the best known of the Fenian criminals, had in prison behaved with brutal violence to the authorities of the gaol. The assaults which he committed would have fully justified the infliction of that corporal punishment which is required in the last resort for the maintenance of prison discipline. With still better reason it ought to have precluded him from all

chance of obtaining an early remission of his sentence; but leniency to defeated enemies is generally popular in England, and the Government was at the time unusually anxious to disarm Irish disaffection. The principal ringleaders, before they sailed for the United States, delivered impudently treasonable speeches at Cork; and, as might have been expected, they immediately allied themselves with the American faction which professes as its main principle implacable animosity to England. During the late diplomatic controversy O'DONOVAN ROSSA has expressed his hope that he may land with an American army in Ireland, where it is scarcely too much to say that he and demagogues of his kind would be welcome to the friends of order, if only they would once more place themselves within reach of English justice. The excessive clemency of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues was regarded with little favour; but the supposed removal of a pretext for agitation caused a certain sense of relief. It was for the moment forgotten that, as long as any rebellious patriot was undergoing punishment for any kind of crime, the clamour which is its own principal object was not likely to subside. There is still an Amnesty Association devoted to the interests of the criminals, who are justly thought to be rebels as well as violators of the ordinary law; and it has been powerful enough to induce Sir ROWLAND BLERNERHASSET and other respectable members to present its demands to Mr. GLADSTONE. It is unnecessary to remark that care for the interests of the prisoners forms no part of the motives for the agitation which is nominally prosecuted on their behalf. The sincere promoters of the movement only hope to ascertain their own power of intimidating the English Government, and to secure contingent impunity for themselves and their friends if they should hereafter chance to incur similar penalties.

It is perhaps by way of revenge for Mr. GLADSTONE's refusal that some of the friends of the Manchester prisoners have committed a childish and malignant outrage on one or two public monuments in Dublin. The statue erected to Lord CARLISLE has been destroyed or defaced; and a similar attempt has been made in another part of the city. There is too much reason to fear that the criminals will escape without punishment, though, if they could be discovered and convicted, they could hardly profit by the plea that they also, like their Manchester prototypes, were carrying on legitimate warfare. Lord CARLISLE, though he was not a great statesman or administrator, scarcely deserved the treatment which his statue has received. In his earlier life he ardently supported, as Irish Secretary, the demands of the popular party, and during his long Viceroyalty he devoted himself, rather from kindness of heart than for any selfish reason, to the cultivation of popularity in Ireland. It was right and natural that his memory should be commemorated by the erection of a statue which might in course of time have been valued as an historical monument. The ruffians who have defaced the statue probably thought that they were insulting the English nation or the Government by an outrage on the effigy of a Lord-Lieutenant. With such perversity it is hopeless to reason.

It can scarcely be urged as a ground for extraordinary leniency to assassins or mutineers that the condition of Ireland is satisfactory. The country is indeed rapidly advancing in material prosperity, but seditious newspapers and lay and clerical agitators take care that disaffection shall never subside. Although Mr. Justice KEOGH's judgment in the Galway case was expressed without regard either to good taste or to prudence, even the clergy who, under the inspiration of Cardinal CULLEN, protested against his language, abstained from disputing the statements which he founded on the evidence in the case. The full Court, although it was divided on the question whether Captain TRENCH was entitled to the seat, agreed in the opinion that the clergy with their accomplices had been guilty of gross interference with the freedom of election. There can be little doubt that the priests are jealous of their lay rivals in violence, and that in the Galway contest it was their principal object to prove that their influence was indispensable to the success of their candidate. Whatever may have been their motive, it is unsatisfactory that elections should be determined by the use of shameless violence and intimidation. In all probability the inculpated prelates and priests will escape with impunity; nor indeed is it desirable to furnish a pretext for a charge of religious persecution. When convictions have been obtained for undoubted crimes, it is in every way expedient to prove that there are limits which it is unsafe to transgress.

MR. DISRAELI AT THE NATIONAL SOCIETY.

MR. DISRAELI has been making an exceedingly clever speech at the annual meeting of the National Society. There was not a word about politics in it from beginning to end, and yet its scope and intention were thoroughly political. The impression left by it was that the cause of religious education had received a great blow by the passing of the Elementary Education Act. There was no need to say that this blow had come from a Liberal Government, or to draw the moral that the clergy ought to bestir themselves at the next general election. Fact and inference were alike too obvious to need pointing out. All that Mr. DISRAELI had to do was to present the recent educational history of the country in a draped and modified form. A little exaggeration of the religious element in the system which the Education Act superseded, a little depreciation of the religious element in the system which the Education Act established, and the work was done. To both these demands on his ingenuity Mr. DISRAELI showed himself thoroughly equal. His picture of the State spending long years in "encouraging, stimulating, organizing, and at length establishing a system of national education" in which religion was allowed its proper place; and the companion picture of the same State, "wearied with its difficulties, or unable to battle with them," abdicating one of its highest functions, and relinquishing for the future all care for religious education, are compositions of real merit. They are pure creations of imagination; but how few imaginations there are that can create just what their possessors want at the moment! This perhaps is the most remarkable characteristic of Mr. DISRAELI's fancies. They are all fancies with a purpose, but they are singularly free from the laboured unreality which so often makes such efforts valueless. Probably nine-tenths of the clergy who listened to him on Tuesday were persuaded that there had been a time in which England had been in the happy state in which the Conservatives wish to keep Scotland—a time in which the Catechism of the Established Church had been taught of necessity in every elementary school in the kingdom. They are not likely to verify Mr. DISRAELI's statements when they get home, or they would remember that, before the passing of the Act of 1870, the State made no provision for education, religious or irreligious. It simply helped private persons to make provision for education. Wherever local individual energy was ready to begin the work, there the State was willing to give aid in certain proportions and on certain conditions. This is all that the State before 1870 did in encouraging, stimulating, organizing, and establishing national education. And this it does still, only in a somewhat larger measure. Wherever local individual energy will found a school, there, supposing that a school is really wanted, the State will help to support it. Mr. DISRAELI speaks as though there were a class of schools founded and maintained by the State, in which religion was formerly taught, and from which religion is now excluded. It is not necessary to inquire whether this change is accurately described, for the simple reason that it never took place. Until the Act of 1870 became law there were no State schools. And since that time State schools have only been set up in districts where school accommodation is deficient. If the Church of England is as energetic as Mr. DISRAELI exhorts her to be, these districts will be few in number. The main difference between the system of elementary education now in force and that which was in force before 1870 is that the one left everything to voluntary agency, and did nothing to supplement it even where it had been shown to be a failure, while the other leaves voluntary agency as free as ever, but warns it that it can only have the field to itself on condition of undertaking to fill it.

Mr. DISRAELI's advice to the National Society is sound and sensible so far as it goes. He assumes that the Church of England will continue to devote herself to instructing the children of the poor in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as the only means of securing an opportunity of instructing them in religion. With this view he urges that existing Church schools shall be maintained, that new Church schools shall be planted and established in every part of England, that the diocesan inspection of Church schools shall be made thoroughly complete, and that Church Training Colleges shall be strengthened and sustained. If this advice is carefully followed out, Mr. DISRAELI's prophecy that the meeting of Tuesday "will be the commencement of a movement that will give a new colour and life to the great question of national education" stands a good chance of being fulfilled. But there is another aspect of the question which cannot but present itself to some of those who wish well to religious education. The plan of a campaign which Mr.

DISRAELI has sketched is one that will require a very large outlay of time, money, and labour. Hitherto the whole educational energy of the nation has been virtually at the disposal of the managers of voluntary schools. A man who wished the children of the poor to receive secular instruction had no choice, in the great majority of cases, but to contribute to the support of schools in which they would receive religious instruction into the bargain. For the future this necessity will not be laid on him to anything like the same extent. He will in many instances have already paid his school rate, and when he is asked in addition to subscribe to a voluntary school, he will very probably answer that, as the State is ready to do everything that voluntary schools leave undone, he sees no reason for relieving the State of the burden. The persons who care for definite religious instruction will go on contributing to the schools in which it is given. The persons who only care for secular instruction will now be content with contributing—as they must do whether they like it or not—to the schools in which secular instruction is given. Consequently, the managers of Church schools will have to trust much more than formerly to the aid of those who thoroughly sympathize with the object for which Church schools are kept in being. The general public will be apt to plead the payment of the school rate as a receipt in full for all demands on its educational enthusiasm. So long as in many parts of the country there were no other schools in existence, and no means of calling other schools into existence supposing that these were closed for want of funds, the friends of Church schools had excellent reason for making charitable requisitions on their whole acquaintance. The effect of educational rating will be greatly to narrow the area over which these voluntary aids can be levied, and to make the burden of supporting Church schools press with increased weight on a small number of persons.

It seems more than probable that, when this new state of things comes to be clearly realized, the friends of religious education will be led to ask themselves whether the energy which they expend upon the maintenance of separate Church schools might not be made to produce a larger result if employed in another direction. At present, in a Church school in receipt of Government aid the managers are allowed to give religious instruction only to the children whose parents are willing that they should receive it, and even to them only at the beginning and end of the school work. This permission is all that they get in return for the heavy expense of keeping up the school. It can hardly fail to occur to some of them that, under a secular system conceived in a just and liberal spirit, they would get a similar permission for a very much smaller consideration. Supposing that, instead of keeping up a school of their own, and giving religious instruction to the children who liked to come for an hour every morning or evening, they contented themselves with using a school maintained by the local School Board, and there giving the same instruction to the same children at the same hours, what would be the difference as regards the amount and value of the religious knowledge imparted? The difference to the persons responsible for imparting it would be immeasurable. Instead of having to keep the whole machinery of a school in working order, they would simply have to keep in order the machinery for supplying the religious lessons. We shall not undertake to say how the question thus raised will eventually be answered. It is enough to point out that it is almost certain to be asked some day, and that, before resigning themselves unreservedly to Mr. DISRAELI's guidance, the clergy may do well to consider the new view of their position which it opens up.

THE LICENSING BILL.

AN interesting discussion arose last week on a proposal of the Duke of RICHMOND to bring all retailers of spirits under the same degree of legislative control as is imposed on publicans. The thoroughgoing advocates of restraint have long since proclaimed the necessity of applying it to the grocer, but there is no probability that Parliament will look at the matter from their point of view. The Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, who on a former occasion shed upon the subject of licensing the much-needed light of common sense, has again done good service by pointing out the important distinction between legislating against private vice and against public disorder. The law, he says, has no right to interfere with a man who chooses to commit the sin of drunkenness in his own house, though it has a right to punish a man who parades his drunkenness in the public streets. The case of the grocer

who sells his wares in closed bottles, to be taken away, is not on a par with that of the licensed victualler or beerhouse-keeper who sells liquor for consumption in his own house, where disturbances often arise in consequence. This explanation of the principle on which legislation ought to proceed is not wholly satisfactory, but perhaps no better explanation could be given. If fanatics were not impervious to reason, they might know that the House of Lords declines to interfere with grocers because it is impossible to introduce a violent restriction upon the habits of large classes of society. It will continue to be possible for drunkards to avail themselves of the facilities which shops for the sale of wine and spirits by retail afford to sober people. It may perhaps be useful to mention that the grocer of whom we hear so much derives his origin from the Act of 1860, by which every person keeping a shop for the sale of goods was enabled to take out a licence to sell by retail foreign wine, not to be consumed on the premises. There is nothing in the Act to prevent a butcher from selling claret and sherry, but practically the new trade thus opened fell into the hands of those who deal in what are commonly called groceries. The success which attended the experiment encouraged an extension of it, and many grocers took out, in addition to the retail wine licence under the Act of 1860, the licences which were usually taken out by dealers in wine and spirits before that Act. The result has been that dealing in wine and spirits is not carried on as a distinct business to the same extent as formerly. We believe that many grocers hold all the licences that the law allows them to take out, and thus they are able to supply a customer with a single bottle of gin, which he may keep in his house or apartment for his solace during the hours when the public-house is closed. After the discussion in the House of Lords it appears safe to assume that this part of the existing trade in liquor, however liable to abuse, cannot be interfered with. The amendment which the Duke of RICHMOND brought forward and afterwards withdrew did not propose to interfere with the sale of wine by retail under the Act of 1860. If, however, a grocer had obtained, as many have, all the licences which are necessary for dealing both wholesale and retail in wine and spirits, then the amendment would have prohibited him from selling spirits by retail unless he procured a magistrate's certificate authorising such sale. The holder of such certificate would be placed, as regards hours of closing and police supervision, upon the same footing as the publican. But as this proposal was rejected, the sale of spirits by retail by grocers will be absolutely unrestrained. It appears from a report of a speech by Lord KIMBERLEY, that he contemplated an attempt at partial restriction; but the last edition of the Bill shows that this purpose, if ever entertained, was abandoned. We thus arrive at the remarkable result that the sale of spirits by retail will be more free than the sale of beer. It would not be possible to allow the same house to be open at different hours for the sale of beer on and off the premises, and it is agreed that there must be some restriction as to the former which must apply also to the latter. It has been alleged that the grocers are special favourites of Government because they have largely assisted in introducing to the public cheap French wines; but they have certainly introduced at the same time large quantities of spirits which are perhaps intended as a corrective of the acidity of what is called GLADSTONE'S Claret. Any Government which attempted to interfere with this trade would be involved in formidable difficulties. To limit the number of grocers' shops would be to create a new form of monopoly which perhaps would hereafter insist on compensation. We cannot help feeling, however, that when grocers are left free, it is difficult to be severely restrictive on publicans.

The discussion between the brewers and Lord KIMBERLEY turned principally on the degree in which the owner of a public-house is to be made responsible for the misconduct of the occupier. As the Bill now stands, a third conviction of the occupier may have the effect of disqualifying the house for two years. But the Court having cognizance of the case will have discretion as to inflicting this penalty. The brewers will probably do wisely if they accept this provision as it stands, and, at any rate, owners may reasonably be required to do their utmost to ensure regularity in the conduct of occupiers. As regards the hours of closing there is much force in Lord SALISBURY's complaint that Hertfordshire is to be put to inconvenience because the morality of Manchester is not proof against the seduction of public-houses after 11 P.M. Among the various deputations to Lord KIMBERLEY has been one of "real working-men," who appear to be afflicted with a lamentable delicacy of moral constitution. It is not

easily intelligible that a sober and industrious father of a family cannot resist the temptation of entering a public-house. We are told that this deputation comprised representatives of various trades, and it is certainly wonderful that they should all agree in describing themselves as such exceedingly poor creatures. We never hear from the middle and upper classes of society any similar avowal of the utter want of the power of self-control, and if such a picture of the artisans of London were drawn by any hand but that of a "real working-man" we should expect that vehement displeasure would be excited by it. It must have been a severe trial to Lord KIMBERLEY to listen with becoming gravity to the oration of Mr. JOSEPH LEICESTER, who assured his Lordship that it is "the divinity within" the working-man that demands the early closing of public-houses. If we correctly gather the speaker's meaning, it is this—that a man's appetite impels him to partake of an indulgence which his moral sense demands should be placed beyond his reach. When a man is alone he will take to drinking beer, but get him to a public meeting and he will sign a petition for closing beer-houses. It seems to us that "real working-men" are like those extremely troublesome people who wish to close all windows because they are afraid of catching cold. Of all forms of cant perhaps this which Mr. LEICESTER and his companions have invented is the most despicable. There seems no reason why drinking should be the only vice against which special legislative precaution is to be demanded. Suppose that it were suggested that the streets of London at night are in a condition dangerous to virtue. It would be pleasant to hear a deputation representing to Mr. BRUCE that "the divinity within" the speakers could not keep them out of certain places of which humanity therefore demanded the abolition. The "real," or, as we might prefer to say, the ideal working-man "looks to his home, to his family, and to those associations which make his home a glory," and he demands the suppression of public-houses. It is wonderful that he should not be capable of this exalted contemplation before instead of after entering a public-house. But perhaps his home becomes a glory only when he is himself what is sometimes called "glorious." It might be expected that an uncompromising zealot like Mr. LEICESTER would not spare the grocers. He demands that all licences for the sale of spirituous liquors should be withheld from them.

The Bill has passed the House of Lords and the grocers have survived the combined attack of the Duke of RICHMOND and Mr. LEICESTER. Details may still be advantageously reconsidered; but we doubt whether any alteration of principle is likely to be made in the Bill in the House of Commons. Brewers and other owners of public-houses will do well to accept without further contest the burden of closely supervising the conduct of occupiers. Parliament cannot stop, and will hardly be induced to attempt to check, the liquor traffic; but it can and will insist that it shall be carefully regulated. This indeed appears to be the chief practical result of the Bill as it now stands. We cannot place ourselves in the mental condition of those persons who fancy that the moral character of the population of London depends upon the question whether the public-houses are closed at 11 or 12 P.M.; and we think that the distressed clients of Mr. LEICESTER might try to fortify themselves against temptation by the ordinary safeguards of religion and morality. We do not know whether they profess what is ordinarily called Christianity, but if they have abolished it, they can hardly demand to have a substitute provided by legislation. A man was lately tried at the assizes for smashing a shop-window and taking from the inside a watch. Parliament would hardly listen to an application to abolish shop-windows because they may be a temptation to dishonesty. There is a story of a sailor who was much disgusted at being told that a black man kneeling in chains and in tears was his brother. We suspect that Mr. LEICESTER and his "real working-men" would be equally unacceptable as brothers to the majority of Englishmen.

A PARLIAMENTARY FARCE.

THERE is probably no part of its work which the House of Commons performs so pretentiously, and yet so inadequately, as the supervision of expenditure. This is supposed to be one of its great constitutional functions, and is always spoken of with much solemnity, but it would appear to be a function which is gradually lapsing into pure ceremonial. A good deal of time is spent in going over the Estimates, and sometimes there is quite an imposing display of economical energy. Ex-officials prove very much to their own satisfaction

that there has been a shocking waste of money ever since they left office, and that it is only to be stopped by their going back again. Independent members make their moan on behalf of the oppressed taxpayer. There are debates and divisions, and Ministers profess to be indignant and alarmed, and appeal to their supporters to stand by them and not to allow the safety and honour of the country to be imperilled by the touching of a sixpence of the Estimates. But somehow nothing ever comes of it. It is only a sham fight with blank cartridges; and if the Estimates were taken as read, and passed *en bloc* at the beginning of the Session, the practical result would be just the same. It has been asserted by a high authority that the proceedings in Committee of Supply are only a farce, and if anybody wishes to understand the nature of the farce he cannot do better than study the proceedings, for example, of such a night as Monday last. The House was in Committee on the Civil Service Estimates for several hours. A multitude of little questions were started for discussion, and there were three divisions to give an air of reality to the scene. It is perhaps needless to say that, in the end, the votes were passed precisely as they were presented by the Government. After some loose talk about the Board of Trade, Mr. DILLWYN moved that the vote of 2,701*l.* for the Privy Seal Office should be struck out. The question was fully discussed last year, and Mr. DILLWYN, who repeated the exploded fallacy that the Privy Seal has a sinecure, had nothing new to say about it, unless it was that Lord RIFON might have been more usefully employed at home than in America, and in that case there would have been no necessity to call in Lord HALIFAX. If it is desirable to have a member of the Cabinet who is free from departmental engagements, and capable of making himself generally useful, and whose advice is of importance in the deliberations of the Cabinet, it is immaterial what may be his official designation. Nor is there any reason why, if Ministers are to receive salaries, an exception should be made in the case of the Privy Seal. We certainly do not share Mr. ORWAY's enthusiasm for gratuitous services, but if there is anything in the principle it should be equally applied to all Parliamentary offices. The Committee passed the vote by a large majority, but the members who objected to it will no doubt be able to boast to their constituents, when next they meet, of their heroic efforts to save public money and to enforce economy in high places.

Mr. A. JOHNSTON and some other members made a show of opposition to the vote for the expenses of the Charity Commission, which, it was urged, ought to be paid by the Charities themselves. It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of Mr. LOWE's declaration that he should be most happy to carry out this idea if any practicable method of doing it could be suggested; but this was a detail which the economists characteristically disregarded. If the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners—"a very peculiar office," as Mr. LOWE said—is of advantage to the public, it is obviously desirable that trustees of charities should not be furnished with a pretext in the shape of fees for keeping clear of it. If the funds entrusted for safe keeping to the Commissioners were to be taxed, while money in the hands of trustees escaped taxation, the practical effect of such an arrangement would be to counteract the object for which the Board was established. There is, no doubt, one way of taxing charities, and that is by subjecting them to Income-tax or succession duties; but Mr. LOWE, as well as Mr. GLADSTONE, has been convinced by experience that the opinion of the country is not yet prepared to grasp what he considers to be the "true principles" on which charities should be dealt with. Some doubts were hinted as to whether the charge for Parliamentary printing might not be reduced, but no attempt was made to go into the question seriously. The amount of money which is spent in this way annually is considerable, and is continually on the increase; and an economist who was in earnest about economy, and who was not above the drudgery of looking into accounts, would find much more profitable employment in this direction than in trying to cut off the modest salary of the Privy Seal. A return of the number of returns moved for by certain members of the House of Commons, and of the cost of printing them, would probably convey some startling information. Next there was a lively discussion about candles for the use of members. Mr. AYTON has lately arranged that the great clock at Westminster shall be lighted up as long as either House is sitting—a poetical symbol of the sleepless vigilance of the Legislature, which might be rendered still more impressive if, as has been suggested, the subjects under discussion and the state of the House could be indicated by a change of coloured lights. It appears, however, that while

Mr. AYRTON has been launching out in one direction, he has been economizing in another. Gas has been substituted for wax candles in the library of the House of Commons, and Sir C. O'LOGHLEN, who prefers candles, pleaded that they should be restored. Mr. AYRTON replied with gay vivacity that candles were of little use except to those who had the gift of sight, and that to one who could not see it was of little consequence how much light there was. It is to be hoped that these amiable epigrams consoled Sir COLMAN. Mr. RYLANDS, at a loss apparently for something new, reproduced his old motion against the Secret Service money, contenting himself, however, with proposing that it should be reduced by 10,000*l*. When Lord CLARENDON was examined before a Select Committee on this subject, shortly before his death, he observed that there was a foolish inconsistency in trusting a Minister with the management of great international questions, on the issue of which vast interests, and perhaps peace or war, depended, and at the same time hesitating about trusting him with the expenditure of a few thousands a year. Mr. RYLANDS appears to be impregnable in his distrust of Ministerial honesty, but he has strengthened his case against the Secret Service Money by the introduction of a new and highly original argument. He has discovered that foreign nations are greatly disturbed by the knowledge that the British Government is in possession of secret funds to the alarming amount of 24,000*l*. a year, and are led to suppose that we are now trying to over-reach them in military matters. We do not know what are the foreign nations to which Mr. RYLANDS alludes, but we are left to infer that the bloated armaments of the Continent are kept up solely as a protection against the secret fleets and hidden battalions which our wily Government has been providing "unknown," as Mrs. GAMP would say, out of the vast treasures of the Secret Service Fund. Lord ENFIELD very properly declined to answer Mr. RYLANDS's inquiries, explaining, perhaps superfluously, that the object of having a secret fund was that its application should not be known. There was again a large majority for the Government, which had a smaller, but still a sufficient, majority in support of the vote for QUEEN'S PLATES. Mr. WHEELHOUSE was exposing the enormity of giving young barristers three guinea fees in Mint cases, when the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER considerably proposed that progress should be reported in order that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL might have an opportunity of clearing up the mystery.

It can hardly be pretended that the House of Commons is occupied in a useful and dignified manner in discussions such as these. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine an evening more unprofitably spent. We do not mean to say that it is in any case possible for private members to do very much in the way of cutting down the Estimates, or that there is much room for reductions. Nor are we, in fact, disposed to look down upon small economies merely because they are small, and to say that nothing under a million, or at least several thousands, is worthy the attention of Parliament. Extravagance will usually be found on analysis to consist in a number of comparatively petty charges which are either excessive or unnecessary. It is always a good thing to check waste, however small may be the amount in question, because there is nothing which tends so much to spread and propagate itself, and to ascend from little things to big things. But it is one thing really to check waste, or to try seriously to check it, and another thing to make a shallow pretence of doing so, without taking the commonest care to get at the facts of the case, and to make sure that it is really waste which is being attacked, and that the attack is being made on the weak side of the matter. It must be obvious to the meanest capacity that, if a vote is extravagant, the only way to attack it successfully is to be in a position to prove that it is extravagant, and that the only way to prove this is to look into the matter beforehand and to ascertain exactly how it stands. To single out an item blindly and indiscriminately upon mere caprice or conjecture is simply to play into the hands of the Government, who have always an answer ready for the occasion. There are various methods by which a member can get at the facts of the case, but it is certain that he will fail in any attempt to make an impression on the Estimates if he waits until the vote he assails is actually before the Committee of Supply. There is then no time to analyse and test Ministerial replies, to prepare an answer, or to organize opposition. As at Hombourg, all the chances are in favour of the table, and the table knows it. In the nature of things, the Estimates must necessarily be accepted to a great extent on the responsibility of the Government. It is impossible that members can be acquainted with all the technical details, personal considerations, and undercurrents of policy which influence, and no

doubt on most occasions very properly influence, the Government. The Minister, backed or inspired by experienced officials, has naturally a great advantage over his opponents. The only way in which it is possible to challenge the Estimates effectually is to take a particular class of votes, to study them carefully, and to arrange a plan of attack founded not only on a knowledge of details, but on some broad general principle. At present the economists appear to be always in extremes; they are either for passing vague resolutions recommending a reduction of expenditure, or they rest their case too exclusively on some petty isolated item the precise nature of which they have been at no pains to understand, and as to which they are almost certain to be overwhelmed by technical arguments and confident official assertions. There is no reason to suppose that, on the whole, the Estimates are framed in an extravagant spirit, and on some points there are indications of an opposite tendency, which is equally remote from true economy. Still there is no doubt plenty of scope for economists, if they set to work in the right way. However that may be, there can hardly be any question as to the folly and futility of the ordinary course of proceedings in Committee of Supply.

THE POETRY OF WEALTH.

THERE is one marvellous tale which is hardly likely to be forgotten so long as men can look down from Notre Dame de la Garde on the sunny beauty of Marseilles. Even if the rest of Dumas's works sink into oblivion, the sight of Chateau d'If, as it rises glowing from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, will serve to recall the wonders of *Monte Christo*. But the true claim of the book to remembrance lies not in its mere command over the wonderful, but in the peculiar sense of wonder which it excites. It was the first literary attempt to raise the mere dead fact of money into the sphere of the imagination, and to reveal the dormant poetry of wealth. There has as yet been only a single age in the world's history when wealth has told with any force upon the imagination of men. Unpoetic as the Roman mind essentially was, the sudden burst upon it of the accumulated riches of the older world seems to have kindled in senators and proconsuls a sense of romance which, wild and extravagant as it seems, has in some of its qualities found no parallel since. The feasts of Lucullus, the gluttony of Heliogabalus, the sudden upgrowth of vast amphitheatres, the waste of millions on the sport of a day, the encounter of navies in the mimic warfare of the Coliseum, are the freaks of gigantic children tossing about wildly the slowly hoarded treasures of past generations; but they are freaks which for the first time revealed the strange possibilities which lay in the future of wealth. It is hard to say whether such a time will ever return. No doubt the world is infinitely richer now than it was in the time of the Romans, and no doubt, too, there are at least a dozen people in London alone whose actual income far exceeds that of the wealthiest of proconsuls. But the wealth of the modern capitalist is a wealth which has grown by slow accumulations, which has risen almost insensibly into its enormous mass, and the vastness of which its owner has never had brought home to him with the same sort of shock as that which Lucullus must have felt when he fronted the treasures of Mithridates, or Clive when he threaded his way among the sacks of jewels in the royal vaults of Moorsheadabad. So far, indeed, is wealth from stimulating the imagination nowadays that a banker is the very type of the unimaginative man, and that the faintest suspicion of genius is enough to render a financier an object of suspicion to the money market. But it is conceivable in the odd freaks of things that we may yet see the advent of the Poet-Capitalist. It is almost impossible to say what new opportunities the possession of fabulous resources might not add to the fancy of a dreamer or to the speculations of a philanthropist. It is not till after a little thought that we realize how materially the course of human progress is obstructed by sheer want of money at critical moments, or how easily the sum of human happiness might be increased by the sudden descent of a golden shower on the right people at the right time. There are dreams which men have been dreaming for generation after generation which require nothing for their realization but the appearance of such a capitalist as we have imagined. To take what may seem perhaps an odd instance, just because it is an odd instance, let us remember what a wonderful amount of hope and anticipation has been thrown by a great religious party into the restoration of the Jews. Rightly or wrongly, it is the one theme which sends a throb of excitement through the life of quiet personages, and kindles a new fire even in the dreariest May meetings at Exeter Hall. But in point of actual fact there is not the slightest necessity to await any great spiritual revolution for the accomplishment of such a dream if its accomplishment were really desirable. A league of Evangelical bankers who really believed in the prophecies they are so fond of quoting could turn the wildest fancies of Dr. Cumming into sober fact with very little trouble indeed. Any emigration agent would undertake the transport of Houndsditch bodily to Joppa; the bare limestone uplands of Judæa could be covered again with terraces of olive and vine at precisely the same cost of money

and industry as is still required to keep up the cultivation of the Riviera; and Mr. Fergusson would furnish, for a due consideration, plans and estimates for a restoration of the Temple on Zion. We are not suggesting such a scheme as an opportunity for investing money to any great profit, but it is odd to live in a world of wealthy people who believe firmly that its realization would make this world into a little heaven below, and yet never seem to feel that they have the means of bringing it about in their cheque-books. Or take a hardly less odd instance, but one which has actually been brought a little nearer to practical realization. Some time ago a body of Welsh patriots determined to save the tongue and literature of the Cymry from extinction by founding a new Welsh nation on the shores of Patagonia. Nothing but Welsh was to be spoken, none but Welsh books were to be read, and the laws of the colony were to be an amalgam of the codes of Moses and of Howell the Good. The plan failed simply because its originators were poor and unable to tide over the first difficulties of the project. But conceive an ardent capitalist, with a passion for nationalities, embracing such a cause, and at the cost of a few hundreds of thousands creating perhaps a type of national life which might directly or indirectly affect the future of the world. Such a man might secure himself a niche in history at less cost and with less trouble than he could obtain a large estate and a share in the commission of the peace for a midland county.

But there is no need to restrict ourselves simply to oddities, although oddities of this sort acquire a grandeur of their own at the touch of wealth. The whole field of social experiment lies open to a great capitalist. The one thing required, for instance, to render the squalor and misery of our larger towns practically impossible would be the actual sight of a large town without squalor or misery; and yet if Liverpool were simply handed over to a great philanthropist with the income of half-a-dozen Marquises of Westminster, such a sight might easily be seen. Schemes of this sort require nothing but what we may term the poetic employment of capital for their realization. It is strange that no financial hero makes his appearance to use his great money-club to fell direr monsters than those which Hercules encountered, and, by the creation of a city at once great, beautiful, and healthy, to realize the conception of the Utopia and the dream of Sir Thomas More. Or take a parallel instance from the country. Those who have watched the issues of the co-operative system as applied to agriculture believe they see in it the future solution of two of our greatest social difficulties—those, we mean, which spring from the increasing hardships of the farmer's position, and those which arise from the terrible serfage of the rural labourer. But the experiments which have been as yet carried on are on too small a scale either to produce any influence on the labour market as a whole, or to make that impression on the public imagination which could alone raise the matter into a "question of the day." What is wanted is simply that two or three dukes should try the experiment of peasant co-operation on a whole county, and try it with a command of capital which would give the experiment fair play. Whether it succeeded or not, such an attempt would have a poetic and heroic aspect of a different order from the usual expenditure of a British peer. Or we may turn to a wholly different field, the field of art. We are always ready to cry out against "pot-boilers" as we wander through the galleries of the Academy, and to grumble at the butchers' bills and bonnet bills which stand between great artists and the production of great works. But the butchers' bills and bonnet bills of all the forty Academicians might be paid by a great capitalist without any deep dip into his money bags, and a whole future opened to English art by the sheer poetry of wealth. There are hundreds of men with special faculties for scientific inquiry who are at the present moment pinned down to the daily drudgery of the lawyer's desk or the doctor's consulting room by the necessities of daily bread. A Rothschild who would take a score of natural philosophers and enable them to apply their whole energies to investigation would help forward science as really as Newton himself, if less directly. But there are even direct ways in which wealth on a gigantic scale might put out a poetic force which would affect the very fortunes of the world. There are living people who are the masters of twenty millions; and twenty millions would drive a tunnel under the Straits of Dover. If increased intercourse means, as is constantly contended, an increase of friendship and of mutual understanding among nations, the man who devoted a vast wealth to linking two peoples together would rise at once to the level of the great benefactors of mankind. An opportunity for a yet more direct employment of the influence of wealth will some day or other be found in the field of international politics. Already those who come in contact with the big-wigs of the financial world hear whispers of a future when the destinies of peoples are to be decided in bank parlours, and questions of peace and war settled, not by the diplomatist and statesman, but by the capitalist. But as yet these are mere whispers, and no European Gould has risen up to "finance" Downing Street into submission, or to meet the boldest move of Prince Bismarck by a fall on the Stock Exchange. Of all the schemes, however, which we have suggested, this is probably the nearest to practical realization. If not we ourselves, our children at any rate, may see International Congresses made possible by a few people quietly buttoning their breeches-pockets, and the march of "armed nations" arrested by "a run for gold."

Taking, however, men as they are, it is far more wonderful that no one has hit on the enormous field which wealth opens for the

development of sheer downright mischief. The sense of mischief is a sense which goes quietly to sleep as soon as childhood is over, from mere want of opportunity. The boy who wants to trip up his tutor can easily find a string to tie across the garden walk; but when one has got beyond the simpler joys of childhood, strings are not so easy to find. To carry out a practical joke of the Christopher Sly sort, we require, as Shakspeare saw, the resources of a prince. But once grant the possession of unlimited wealth, and the possibilities of mischief rise to a grandeur such as the world has never realized. The Erie Ring taught us a little of what capital might do in this way, but in the Erie Ring capital was fettered by considerations of profit and loss. Throw these considerations overboard, and treat a great question in the spirit of sheer mischief, and the results may be simply amazing. Conceive, for instance, a capitalist getting the railways round London into his power, and then in sheer freak stopping the traffic for a single day. No doubt the day would be a short one, but even twelve hours of such a practical joke would bring about a "Black Monday" such as England has never seen. But there would be no need of such an enormous operation to enable us to realize the power of latent mischief which the owner of great wealth really possesses. An adroit operator might secure every omnibus and every cab in the metropolis and compel us to paddle about for a week in the mud of November before the loss was replaced. The whole stock of stored-up coal for winter consumption might be "locked up" in the close of autumn. It is quite possible, indeed, that gigantic mischief of this sort may find its sphere in practical politics. Already Continental Governments watch with anxiety the power which employers possess of bringing about a revolution by simply closing their doors and throwing thousands of unemployed labourers on the streets; but it is a power which in some degree or other capital will always possess, and any one who remembers the assistance which Reform derived from the Hyde Park rows will see at once that mischief on the large scale might be made in this way an important factor in political questions. Ambition has yet a wider sphere of action than even mischief in this poetic use of wealth. A London preacher recently drew pointed attention to the merely selfish use of their riches by great English nobles, and contrasted it with the days when Elizabeth's Lords of the Council clubbed together to provide an English fleet against the Armada, or the nobles of Venice placed their wealth on every great emergency at the service of the State. But from any constitutional point of view there is perhaps nothing on which we may more heartily congratulate ourselves than on the blindness which hides from the great capitalists of England the political power which such a national employment of their wealth would give them—a blindness which is all the more wonderful in what is at once the wealthiest and the most political aristocracy which the world has ever seen. What fame the mere devotion of a quarter of a million to public uses may give to a quiet merchant the recent example of Mr. Peabody abundantly showed. But the case of the Baroness Burdett Coutts is yet more strictly to the point. The mere fact that she has been for years credited with a wide and unselfish benevolence has given her a power over the imagination of vast masses of the London poor which no one who is not really conversant with their daily life and modes of thinking could for an instant imagine. Her bounty is enlarged in the misty air of the slums of Wapping or Rotherhithe to colossal dimensions, and the very quietness and unobtrusiveness of her work gives it an air of mystery which tells like romance on the fancy of the poor. It was characteristic of the power which such a use of wealth may give that the mobs who smashed the Hyde Park railings stopped to cheer before the house of Lady Burdett Coutts. Luckily none of our political nobles has ever bethought himself of the means by which the great Roman leaders rose habitually to influence or won over the labouring masses by "panem et Circenses." But a nobler ambition might find its field in a large employment of wealth for public ends of a higher sort. Something of the old patrician pride might have spurred the five or six great houses who own half London to construct the Thames Embankment at their own cost, and to hand it over free from the higgings of Mr. Gore to the people at large. Even now we may hear of some earl, whose rent-roll is growing with fabulous rapidity, as coming forward to relieve Mr. Lowe by the offer of a National Gallery of Art, or checkmating the jobbers of South Kensington by the erection of a National Museum. It seems to be easy enough for peer after peer to fling away a hundred thousand at Newmarket or Tattersall's, and yet a hundred thousand would establish in the crowded haunts of working London great "Conservatoires," where the finest music might be brought to bear without cost on the coarseness and vulgarity of the life of the poor. The higher drama seems to be perishing in default of a State subvention, but it never seems to enter any one's head that there are dozens of people among those who grumble at the artistic taste of Mr. Ayrton who could furnish such a subvention at the present cost of their stable. As yet, however, we must be content, we suppose, with such a use of wealth as *Lothair* brings to the front—the purely selfish use of it carried to the highest pitch which selfishness has ever reached. Great parks and great houses, costly studa and costly conservatories, existence relieved of every hitch and discomfort—these are the outlets which wealth has as yet succeeded in finding. For nobler outlets we must wait for the advent of the Poet-Capitalist.

QUOTATION.

QUOTATION, properly managed, is at once an embellishment of style, written or spoken, and a tribute to the literature of the past. When based on the "reading which makes a full man," and used only to enhance the speaker's own thoughts, or to give them a setting, it is a natural adjunct of educated utterance. It was inevitable that the Renaissance should give an active stimulus to the quotation of Greek and Latin authors in modern European literature; and Bacon's *Essays*, compared with those of Addison and Steele a hundred years later, give a good idea of the high tide of quotation in that department of writing. Not that the high tide ended with the Elizabethan writers; for both Burton and Jeremy Taylor, the one in eccentric multiplicity, the other in spontaneous exuberance, are types of whole classes of authors in the seventeenth century who treated the stores of literature in a similar fashion.

During the last century also, both in Parliamentary speaking and in writing, the habit of literary quotation was much more general than it has become in our own generation. A kind of impatience of quotation has now sprung up, the result of several conditions which may be remarked in contemporary life and thought. The rapid increase of population, and the coincident development of the means of printed communication, have not only thrust current social and political questions into a front place in men's thoughts, but have made them engross much of the time which formerly could be spent more easily on culture in some form or another. Life is more busy and earnest than once it was, and the persistent and cumulative effect of newspapers is to make it seem more busy and earnest than it really is. It may be doubted whether, *mutatis mutandis*, the knowledge among presumably educated people of our own classical literature, to say nothing of that of Greece and Rome, is at all on a level with the standard among the same class of a hundred years ago. Yet the printing and reprinting of classical books in every sort of literature goes on with such a degree of rapidity, and competitive examinations have created the appearance of so much omniscience in literary matters, that there is a tendency to regard a quotation as a superfluity involving the intention of display, as if the thing quoted were already in every one's mind merely because it is in every one's reach. In the field of public speaking also many causes have operated to bring into prominence an increasing number of men whose early training was not in the region of culture at all, and who abstain from quotation not so much from choice as from necessity. The comparative disfavour with which classical studies are just now regarded, by contrast, for example, with the study of natural science, carries with it at any rate this cause for regret—namely, that one does not see how, under such circumstances, should the same mode of feeling continue, our native standard writers are to hold their own. For, besides the direct and actual quotation which abounds in the great English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, there is also in them a world of what may be called inferential quotation. If the best remains of Greece and Rome were to drop into the background still more rapidly and completely than they sometimes threaten to do now, a great mass of this inferential quotation would lose its significance; the life, the aroma, of the passages would have vanished. In Milton, who was perhaps quite the best-read man of his own or of any epoch, this indirect reproduction of the thoughts of the past reaches to a very high degree indeed. A large number of lines will instantly occur as examples to any one who is even tolerably familiar with his prose or poetry. It is not only in strongly mannered lines like

Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream?

that the instances of what we mean are to be found. Such a sonnet as

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,

has charm and merit enough about it for any reader; but it will hardly be disputed that the charm is increased by those echoes of the past, both from Horace and Juvenal, which are implied in the words, though not expressed. The same may be said of such a passage as

Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

If it be objected that nothing can be in reality added to lines like these by a recollection of the Horatian *O matre pulcrâ filia pulcrâ*, or *Quid Tiridatem terreat unice securus*, we reply that the charm of inferential quotation does not consist in the recalling of an isolated line out of one literature for the purpose of fitting it on to a line in another, but in something much wider and deeper—namely, in the illustration, even by means of things small in themselves, of the unity or the affinities between the modes of educated thought in distant and different times. In direct quotation this unity is definitely appealed to; in that which is indirect or inferential it is hinted and gently suggested—

Part seen, imagined part.

There are certain places in Milton, and by no means few in number, where the sense is positively unintelligible without the key to the implied reference; a good example of which occurs in the Third Book of the *Paradise Lost*, where the flight of the spirits who afterwards fall into Limbo is described:—

They pass the planets seven, and pass the fixed;
And that crystalline sphere whose balance weighs
The trepidation talked, and that first moved.

This description of an upward flight through space has naturally presented difficulties to any one who happened to be unaware of the implied reference to passages describing the five spheres of the Ptolemaic system. The four lower are here mentioned—the planetary, the firmamental ("fixed"), the crystalline, with its vibratory motion, which existed in the imagination of the ancient astronomers, and the *primum mobile*. Beyond these came the empyrean, which in the Miltonic passage next after the lines just quoted is taken to be heaven. But often, though by no means always, references such as this have more to do with Milton's mannerism than with his poetry.

Two poets as unlike as Spenser and Shelley agree nevertheless in having whole strains of utterance eloquent with notes which are only fully heard through the means of some knowledge of Plato, as the *Hymnes to Beattie* and the *Adonais* may show. In Mr. Tennyson, who besides higher merits is the most scholarlike of the poets in this generation, implied quotation is very frequent. For example, in the beautiful and perhaps not very well-known lyric called *Love and Death*, the first line—

What time the mighty moon was gathering light,

brings with it a suggestion of Virgil's

Luna, revertentes quum primum colligit ignes;

and the fine appeal in *Enid* beginning

O purblind race of miserable men,

is a virtual quotation of the great line in Lucretius,

O miseris hominum mentes, o pectora caeca.

And phrases like "revolving many memories" in the *Morte d'Arthur*, or "those blind motions of the spring" in the *Talking Oak*, draw their life and virtue from a Virgilian past.

Idle or impertinent quotation is one of the most severe inflictions that a reader or listener can be visited with. There are some people who will perpetually be quoting proverbial sayings, and who keep one well up to the recollection that "Well begun is half done," and that "Christmas comes but once a year." Proverbs form almost the only stored literature of the English peasant; and some persons who, as far as dress can elevate, move in a much higher sphere than he, seem themselves not to possess much more in the way of reserve fund for conversational embellishment. One of the best things that even Charles Lamb ever said was drawn from him by what we are calling an "impertinent" quotation. He was in the habit of playing cribbage with Elliston, and Elliston, whose natural talents had been supplemented by a very slender sort of education, was just the man to be fond of a flourish, and not to neglect the chance of airing a quotation when he could get it. Accordingly, one night as they were sitting down to the table, Elliston rubbed his hands with much satisfaction, and said, "Now then, Lamb, 'When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war.'" "Yes," Charles Lamb answered; "and when you meet Greek, you—don't understand it." If Mr. Borthrop Trumbull in *Middlemarch* had read the books which he had so punctiliously provided with calf bindings, he would have been a finished master of unnecessary and impertinent quotation.

The practice of loose quotation, of habitually citing a line or a sentence without being quite certain of its actual words, and still more of its meaning, is a slovenly one which cannot be too severely blamed. From this habit misquotations often take their rise, and some of these become stereotyped in a very curious manner. One of the best quoted lines in the English language, where, of the ancestral village elders in Gray's *Elegy*, it is said that

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way,

is cited nine times out of ten in the form

They kept the even tenor of their way.

And a line still more familiar—we mean the famous "One touch of nature" in *Troilus and Cressida*—has met with a destiny almost unique. For, as was pointed out in these pages several years ago, the thought in that line has nothing whatever to do with a general *bonhomie* arising from the successful touch of a universally responsive chord; the line itself says that all men have a touch of family resemblance, and the following lines point out that this touch is the love and worship of novelty and change. Dr. Cumming has done much towards demonstrating to what lengths the force of misquotation may go; but even Dr. Cumming never went quite so far as a speaker at one of the recent Nonconformist meetings, whose speech was fully reported in the *English Independent* of May 10. This gentleman had explained at some length his conviction that Germany, the United States, and "poor Old England," are destined in a remote future to join hand in hand and go forth to win the final and crowning victory of good over evil. When this is done the three Powers will return home again in triumph. Carried away by his own brilliant prognostications, the speaker cast about in his mind for an appropriate quotation with which to adorn his prophecy and to end his speech. He bethought him of the *Lays of Rome*, and especially of the passage which begins

Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day.

And this is the form in which he thought fit to produce it to the meeting:—

Bless and otherwise bless [sic]
The Roman who sees Rome's brightest day;
Who sees the long victorious pomp
Wind down the Appian [sic] way.

Those were the exact words; and speculation, we must freely admit, is completely baffled by them. What comprehensive mode of benediction may be indicated by the words "Bless and otherwise bless"; why one kind of blessing would not have answered the purpose; why the old triumphal route of the "Sacred Way" should be violently transferred to the "Appian"; how the Appian Road would ever lead up to the gates "of Capitoline Jove," at which the speaker finally landed the three reforming nationalities amidst "loud cheers" from the audience—into these and similar questions we feel that it would be idle to enter. They were at any rate points which had clearly never vexed the soul of the orator himself, nor were his audience apparently more fastidious than himself. It is better to allow this remarkable reading of Macaulay's lines to stand as it is, a monument of the aid which misconception and misquotation may mutually render, and of the halo of ridicule which may thus be thrown around things which in themselves are dignified and lofty. It was in a similar strain of free citation that another gentleman, who has since become an eminent member of the London School Board, once reminded an audience, *à propos* of nothing in particular, how "glorious old John Bunyan" has written it down that

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

Language, whether spoken or written, without the fertilizing vein of sound quotation, direct or implied, tends to become jejune and barren; but quotation, to be of use, should be apposite, and it should be accurate.

THE BENNETT JUDGMENT.

WE very sincerely tender our condolences to the Church Association, and our congratulations to the Church of England, upon the collapse of the Bennett prosecution. That militant Society—passing rich, like the elderly bride in *Our Mutual Friend*, with "thirty thousand pounds"—has been devoting itself with a zeal and a recklessness which even Mr. Miall might envy, to the destruction of the English Establishment, and it has met with its reward at the hands of a Judicial Committee so strongly composed that the *Record* can only find the funny charge to bring against it that it was a "decemvirate." We cannot, of course, feel any sympathy with the respondent, whose conduct has all through the affair been simply inexcusable. Uncorrected by the long experiences of a chequered clerical career, the Vicar of Frome began with gratuitously defying the susceptibilities of a large body of the theological public, by the calculated aggressiveness with which he broached doctrines peculiarly difficult, delicate, and liable to suspicion, in publications outside of the area of his ministerial teaching. Having, then, as he must have foreseen, if not desired, brought upon the cause which he professed to uphold the perils of a suit in which defeat implied calamity to the party whose champion he had made himself, Mr. Bennett simply ran away from the fight which his own pugnacity had provoked, without so much as giving the opportunity to wiser men than himself to look after interests which were most sacred in his eyes, but which his own act had exposed to the chances of a litigation which need not have been one-sided except for his obstinate *lâcheté*.

On the other hand, it would be a great mistake to assume that because the clergyman who has just got off was only Mr. Bennett, therefore the decision was only important to the parishioners of Frome; for it must be recollected that, while one side was labelled Sheppard and the other Bennett, the individuality which the promoters sought to crush was as little represented by the one man Mr. Bennett as they were by the one man Mr. Sheppard, who lent them his name. Mr. Bennett was notoriously self-willed, obstinate, and unamenable to the influences of ordinary prudence, and he was accordingly as much the right man through whom to strike at a great section of the Church on its doctrinal side as, for similar mental qualities, Mr. Mackonochie and Mr. Purchas had been apt instruments for an assault on its ceremonial aspects. The Church Association, having resolved upon hazarding the safety of the Establishment on the chance of stamping out the High Church party, followed the plain dictates of obvious policy in selecting in each case as their immediate victims men whom an arrogant temperament, harsh and inconsiderate language, and extravagant proceedings had made peculiarly vulnerable. But neither profit nor pleasure could have been attained by merely drumming out Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Purchas, and Mr. Bennett. Cynical bystanders might even have insinuated that High Churchmen as a party would stand higher with the public for the loss of such headstrong and self-seeking free-lances. The Association, however, felt that in bringing down a direct condemnation on all or any of these men they could not fail in damaging the position of the many other persons whose opinions and practices, without fault or desire of their own, could in any degree be identified with the actions or opinions of those *enfants terribles*. The attempt met with considerable success so long as it was limited to the less important field of ceremonial, although the victory proved in its results to be a comparatively barren one, from the provoking coolness and self-restraint which the persons indirectly affected exhibited in meeting

their legal reverses. On Saturday the situation changed, and in rating, but letting off, Mr. Bennett, the Judicial Committee in effect declared that the High Church party, of whom, by his whole course of action, the well-known vicar had shown himself determined not to be the representative man, possessed a legal standing-ground within the wide pale of the English Church.

It is no business of ours to investigate the truth of either of the High or of the Low Church theory. What we say of the one we repeat of the other—that in the actual condition of the Established Church of England, the coexistence of both systems, as well as of the "Broad" school, is necessary for the permanence of that Establishment; and as we think that the downfall of the Establishment would be a great social calamity, we protest impartially against the High section pelting out the Low—which they show neither the inclination nor the power to attempt—or the Low making the Church too hot for the High, which some of them certainly manifest the desire, though not the capacity, to do. We should take the same view even if the High Church party had not emerged from that inglorious position of sterile dignity to which an unchecked course of sleepy prosperity had reduced it some half century since. The hemorrhage following the amputation of that limb would even then have killed the patient. But the last fifty years have totally changed the social value of High Churchmanship. Be it the pure gospel, or a retrograde system of superstitious formalism, it has made a mark both deep and broad upon the age. Its contributions to theological and scientific literature have been enormous; it has filled the pulpits with orators whose rhetorical reputation rivals that of the most eminent Parliamentary debaters; it has been the motive power of a vast amount of practical constructiveness in the way of churches, colleges, and schools, of hospitals and refuges, of societies for missionary, eleemosynary, or devotional purposes, which have asserted for themselves no inconspicuous place in the sum total of national life. The impetus given to art by a school of thought divorced from the cold prejudices of narrow Puritanism has reasonably enlisted the sympathies of the large community who love art towards a party which recognizes their just claims; while the multitudinous occupations created both for men and for women, singly and collectively, by a system which aims so much at work, so much at co-operation and so much at the strength derived from systematic devotion, have imperceptibly built up a spirit of mutual affinity peculiarly susceptible of any shock of satisfaction or of disappointment. Such is the High Church party of the present day in its external aspects. It belongs to the Established Church; it harmonizes with that Church; in its own opinion it is the most true exponent of that Church, while it does not deny the right of schools which think very differently from itself to belong to the same Church on the easy terms of accepting the same liberal formularies. Not even the fatuity of the Church Association would have dreamed of stamping out the convictions of such a party by any number of worrying prosecutions, while it could hardly have anticipated enforcing an unbelieving conformity upon persons whose beliefs, however misguided, were certainly strong and definite. It may have speculated on keeping High Churchmen within the pale while it reduced them to an attitude of sulky and silent impotence, like the bondsmen whom, as Herodotus tells us, the Scythians blinded and then kept to the daily drudgery of domestic service. If so, its policy was one of profound and calculated immorality.

Only one reputable alternative remains, apart from the supposition that they were actuated by mere unreasoning spite, to explain the policy of the zealots of the Church Association; and that is, that they had determined to risk the dissolution of the Established Church if only they could drive the High Church party out of its fold. If they were persons of sufficient mind to appreciate the power, and the will to use that power, which would be possessed by such a section as that of the High Churchmen of this generation harried out of that Establishment for which they have hitherto been such indefatigable labourers, we can only say that their policy bears a very close resemblance to that of the "moral force" Fenians. If they were simply blind bigots, bent on the humiliation of persons whom they hated and misunderstood, their proceedings sink to the level of English sympathizers with Irish discontent. In any case the discomfiture of their revolutionary filibustering must be a matter of congratulation to all who are anxious for the success of the great English exponent of a national Church which is able to reconcile the logic of formularies with the freedom of investigation.

The theory which underlies the judgment is the repudiation of the hard and fast theory that the distinctive formularies of the English Church of England are not merely truth, but all truth, and therefore that the maintenance of any opinion not plainly "contradictory or repugnant" to those formularies, but still not comprised within them, must on account of that very non-comprehension be forbidden to the ministers of the Church. In the words of the judgment—"The question is, however, not what the Articles and Formularies affirm, but what they exclude," or as more fully expressed in another passage:—

Changes by which words or passages inculcating particular doctrines, or assuming a belief in them, have been struck out, are most material as evidence that the Church has deliberately ceased to affirm those doctrines in her public services. At the same time, it is material to observe that the necessary effect of such changes, when they stand alone, is that it ceases to be unlawful to contradict such doctrines, and not that it becomes unlawful to maintain them.

In laying down this principle, however, the judges evidently

felt themselves committed by the recollection that the judgments in *Martin v. Mackonochie* and in *Hibbert v. Purchas* have been based on the opposite assumption, and they had accordingly endeavoured in the early part of the document to reconcile the inconsistency by the theory that

In the public or common prayers and devotional offices of the Church all her members are expected and entitled to join; it is necessary, therefore, that such forms of worship as are prescribed by authority for general use should embody those beliefs only which are assumed to be generally held by members of the Church. In the case of "*Westerton v. Liddell*" (and again in "*Martin v. Mackonochie*"), their Lordships say, "In the performance of the services, rites, and ceremonies ordered by the Prayer Book, the directions contained in it must be strictly observed; no omission and no addition can be allowed." If the minister be allowed to introduce at his own will variations in the rites and ceremonies which seem to him to interpret the doctrine of the service in a particular direction, the service ceases to be what it was meant to be, common ground on which all Church people may meet, though they differ about some doctrines. But the Church of England has wisely left a certain latitude of opinion in matters of belief, and has not insisted on a rigorous uniformity of thought which might reduce her communion to a narrow compass.

This is no doubt a highly ingenious hypothesis, but it breaks down upon facts. The idea, if any, upon which it is based is that there can be a certain maximum, or minimum, or medium of worship so exactly balanced as to be universally satisfactory to the confessedly divergent tastes, feelings, and convictions of that miscellaneous nation which makes up the Church of England; and further that in these days of that very "latitude of opinion" which the judgment encourages in the same passage in which it enjoins hard ceremonial monotony, those divergences will all be contented and appeased by an appeal to the letter of rubrics construed in the most confessedly narrow and rigid spirit. It also assumes that while one class of mind is to be held as irreconcilably offended by exuberance of ceremonial, another class of mind is to be treated as if it were, or ought to be, indifferent to that which it considers deficiency of reverential circumstance, and that while the Low Church half of the congregation is to be indulged by a penal law strictly prohibiting the parish priest from any ritual seeming to indicate a belief in what is called Sacramental religion, the High Church moiety is to be bidden to sit still and acquiesce in any exhibition which the minister may make of his adherence to contrary doctrine. Another consequence which follows from the same position is, that the authors of these sentences must suppose that the British public are a pack of superstitious formalists. The heartburnings—say, the Judges—which arise from variety of ritual are such that they must be restrained by active coercion. But, if so, may there not be equal heartburnings over doctrine? "No," in effect answer the Judges, while they lay down one principle for the control of the indirect teaching which may be drawn from the clergyman's acts in the desk and at the altar, and another for the control of the direct teaching which he offers from the pulpit. Mr. Bennett is set free to publish the opinions which have brought the Church Association down upon him; but woe betide the Vicar of Frome if he stands at the communion service with his back to Mr. Sheppard, or puts on any raiment more gorgeous than the parish surplice.

The difficulty so gratuitously created can only be solved by the frank acceptance of the view which we believe is held by thoughtful Churchmen of all schools, that while the parochial system remains eminently useful as a national system of worship, education, and charitable organization, it is no longer possible or desirable to treat attendance at the parish church as a matter of individual obligation. Viewing the vast variety of tastes which divide the great multitude of its adherents, the Church of England can only justify its claims to national existence by a liberal recognition of that variety in the matter of worship. If we grant this premise, it is plain that no more practical course for giving it effect can be devised than the acknowledged permission to every clergyman to shape his type of worship according to the form which he conceives to be of the highest benefit to his flock, and to every Churchman to offer his devotions where he believes that he will derive the fullest spiritual advantage, subject to the condition, which is as easily cognizable by legal common sense in ceremonial as in doctrine, that the type of service which each clergyman presents shall not be flagrantly "contradictory or repugnant" to those ceremonial rules which must exist in a body constituted as the Church of England is. When a rite comes into question, its legality as distinct from its policy ought on the principles of this judgment to be tested, not on the consideration of whether the rubric "affirms" it, but on that of whether it "excludes" it. Its policy will of course turn on a comparison of the numbers of those whom it edifies, of those whom it offends but who can easily go elsewhere, and of those whom it offends and who have no such ready escape.

A more impartial respect for their own principles would, we think, have induced the Judicial Committee to reconsider the criticism of the Dean of Arches' phraseology with which it tempers its acceptance of his conclusions. The expressions of Sir Robert Phillimore were confessedly "extrajudicial." So are those with which the Privy Counsellors sitting at Whitehall go out of their way to lecture their colleague sitting in the Arches Court. "The word 'receptionist' is as foreign," they say, "to the Articles as the word 'objective.'" As, however, there is nothing contradictory or repugnant to the formularies in these expressions, they might more wisely have abstained from "regretting extrajudicial" statements of their colleague, until they can show themselves

able to provide any tangible substitute, or can prove that the "latitude of opinion" which they encourage in the pulpit must be checked on the Bench.

INTERNATIONAL AMENITIES.

WE are afraid that many of the people who go to see boat-races and other public sports do not invariably give themselves up to the sentiments and reflections appropriate to the occasion; but it is at least a comfort to think that they are sure to be informed next morning how they ought to have felt, and how in fact, as their benignant monitors are kind enough to assume, they did feel at the proper moment. Possibly a good many of those who waited wearily on Monday last to get a glimpse of the hollow contest between the London and Atlanta crews for what is called the "aquatic championship of the world," may have been disposed to lament their wasted hours and the poorness of the sport, and may not have been aware that they were then engaged in binding more closely the bonds of brotherhood between the nations, and performing other remarkable feats of a similar kind. But if they did not know it then, at any rate they know it now. Big Jupiter and Little Jupiter are agreed about this, and when they do agree, their agreement is wonderful. We are assured by the elder and duller deity that on Monday "America and England relieved the strain of their political contentions by throwing their interest for the moment into a rivalry more easily decided;" but it does not appear that this relief prevented Mr. Fish from writing a very ill-natured despatch. If it is true that "the friendly rivalry on the Thames represents the natural relation of the two countries," it is clear that the *Alabama* negotiations, in which the rivalry is more remarkable than the friendship, at least on the American side, convey a false impression. Jupiter, weighted with the responsibility of keeping the world straight, could not himself "forget all but a boating competition between the two nations," but he is confident in his hope that for lighter minds "these hours of amusement may be of service in arousing some healthy currents of good-feeling." Four Americans come over here to win a race; they make a laughing-stock of themselves by their ignorance of what in this country is supposed to be rowing, are beaten with ludicrous ease, and are nearly upset by a wherry; and we are asked to believe that the result will be to produce healthy currents of national good-feeling. This never occurred to us before, but perhaps the American Case may have been designed with a similar object. Young Jupiter is more lively, and, after his nature, more gushing on the subject. He is full, of course, of compliments to the United States. "It is by attempting the impossible that our Western kinsmen have risen to their grand pre-eminence"—that is, in everything except rowing. It was impossible they could beat us at that, but still if they keep on attempting the impossible they may do it at last, and then "our defeat will be in itself a triumph." This boat-race, we are told, illustrates the truth that our national energy, our stalwart strength, &c., enable us to hold our own against the dash and daring of our American kinsfolk; but here, again, the negotiations do not quite fit into the theory. It is suggested that "to any foreign observer the most striking reflections aroused by the whole affair must have been the thought how, after all, Englishmen and Americans are men of the same race and type." Any Frenchman who was present would no doubt be ready to admit that in this instance Americans and English were both subject to the same kind of lunacy, except that perhaps the Americans were the more conspicuously mad in having come so far on such an errand. And then we are treated to a paraphrase of the mythic nonsense attributed to the Duke of Wellington about the playing fields of Eton:—"The nerve and pluck and energy which animated both crews were the same that have carried England through many a trial, and have enabled America to uphold the Union in the darkest hours of its fortunes." There would be something almost pathetic, if it were not so intensely ludicrous, in the solicitude which is shown for the feelings of the United States under this terrible defeat, and the anxiety to cheer up that great country, and make things pleasant for it. But perhaps the finest touch of all is the exquisite self-complacency with which the Americans are assured, as if it were the best consolation and restorative that could be administered to them, that, after all, they are not so unlike Englishmen but that a foreigner might imagine them to belong to the same race. It may be doubted whether the Americans will take this "whipping" very much to heart. The Atlantas were certainly not recognized as champions of their country to the same extent as the Harvard crew who formerly visited the Thames. But, in any case, it is amazing that anybody should imagine that if the Americans were really much interested in the matter, a competition of this kind, and especially the sort of consolation which has been offered to soothe defeat, would be likely to promote friendly feelings between the two nations. The Atlantas have not been interviewed by English reporters, and we are not aware what precautions they may have thought it necessary to take in order to protect themselves against the machinations of jealous Britishers. But we have some recollection of reading in the American papers an alarming narrative of the perils with which the Harvard men believed themselves to be surrounded, and especially the terror of

poisoning in which they lived. It is perhaps significant of the generous sympathies which are supposed to be cultivated by these encounters, that there appears, according to the *Daily News*, to have been a popular impression that the Atlanta men had previously to the race been rowing "dark," in order to enable their friends to make bets more advantageously. It is now known that the Americans did the best they could all along, but the suspicion with which they were regarded is unpleasantly characteristic of one phase of modern sport.

It would appear that the brotherly love engendered by the international boat-race has not been sufficient to produce a satisfactory understanding between Mr. Fish and Lord Granville; but perhaps something better may be hoped from the International Musical Peace Jubilee which is to take place at the end of this month at Boston, and which is intended, in the words of the promoters, "to aid in removing somewhat of the prejudices which engender ill-feeling, and to create a better understanding between the nations of the world through the common medium of art." This description of the lofty objects of the speculation in question is taken from a touching letter written by the solicitors to the contractors who are getting it up, in answer to some observations in Parliament. It is not often that language of so elevating a character is to be found in a lawyer's letter, and it should be more highly prized on that account. The band of the Grenadier Guards has been despatched to Boston to take part in this grand festival, not, it seems, altogether to the satisfaction of military circles. It is not unnatural, perhaps, that the men of war should be alarmed at the prospect of their occupation being suddenly suppressed through the agency of their own band. There is a fine touch of poetical revenge in employing a number of military bands to play the world into universal peace. It is announced that the musical performances at the Jubilee will be sustained by a chorus of twenty thousand singers and an orchestra of three thousand instrumentalists. The performances will be kept up for fifteen days, exclusive of Sundays, and it is expected that a vast multitude will be collected to listen to the peace-inspiring strains of this host of singers and musicians. For the purposes of the Festival a "Coliseum" capable of seating one hundred thousand persons has been constructed at Boston. Superstitious people might possibly think it ominous that a considerable portion of this building fell down a short time since. It has since been rebuilt, but it is thought desirable to assure "timid persons" that the security and stability of the whole structure have been thoroughly tested, and that there is no reason to fear that it will give way again. It is evident from the nature of the performances that it will be severely tried when the orchestra is in full blast. We observe that an American journalist deems it prudent to warn persons of an excitable temperament that the strain on the nerves produced by the enormous volume of sound may prove to be rather trying, especially if submitted to for a fortnight without relaxation. It is suggested, therefore, that it will not be wise to attempt to sit out the whole of the performances; and we agree with the writer that those who go in for getting a full return for their money will be lucky if at the end of the fifteen days they come out with nothing worse than a headache.

In order to indicate the peaceful character of the festival, salves of artillery are to be introduced into the musical performances, and the din of a mob of military bands is to be reinforced by the thunder of a huge drum which has been constructed expressly for the occasion, and which is the biggest and noisiest monster of its kind that has ever been seen or heard. The Imperial Army Band of Berlin is to be present, and will, we suppose, engage in generous rivalry with the French Republican Band, each playing the cheerful tunes to which their countrymen were lately engaged in slaughtering each other; while the Grenadiers' Band will have the pleasure of meeting and possibly of joining in a duet with an Irish National Band, well up in Fenian melodies, which the speculative philanthropists who are now engaged in removing all "prejudices which engender ill-feeling" have expressly engaged for the occasion. A well-known preacher used to remark that he did not see why the Devil should have all the best tunes, and the promoters of the Boston Jubilee appear to be similarly of opinion that the time has come when the orchestra of war may appropriately be employed in the worship of perpetual peace and brotherly love. "Peace, on her hillock, piping her pastoral note," may for the moment be somewhat puzzled by this terrific explosion of the warlike strains which have hitherto attended the march of Mars. We can only hope that the intentions of the managers of the Jubilee will be fulfilled, and that "a better understanding between the nations" may be arrived at through "the common medium" of brass bands, big drums, and salves of artillery. All that is wanted would seem to be that the *Alabama* Commissioners should reassemble at Boston and sit out the fifteen days of soothing music.

It is possible that the experience of the last few months will suggest to many minds that the drawing together of the bonds of brotherhood between the nations, however desirable in itself, is not quite so simple and easy an operation as has been imagined. There are probably few people silly enough to suppose that there is any serious meaning in the nonsense which is talked and written about international fraternity and affection being developed by brass bands and boat-races; but there are, we suspect, too many who allow themselves to be deluded with the notion that the gravest international differences—differences having their roots deep in the character, history, and political circumstances of the respective countries—

can be instantly charmed away by an Abra-cadabra of fine words about "common tongue," "national kinship," and the rest of it. There was evidently a notion when the High Commissioners set out for America, that such a pleasant-spoken man as Lord Ripon, with such a good cook, had only to go about in society, and give nice little dinners, and make nice little speeches, while Professor Bernard and his companions were racking their brains for the "least accurate" expressions in which they could convey the good understanding which was assumed, as a matter of course, to have been arrived at; and all would be well. On the whole there is perhaps about as much to be said for the efficacy of the big drum at Boston Jubilee "of bird's-eye maple, 6 ft. high, 12 ft. in diameter," with sticks to match, as of the fine speeches at Delmonico's which were supposed at the time to have put an end to all disagreements between England and America. One of the journals which were most gushing the other day about the international aspects of the boat-race appears to be still of opinion that it is "only a question of words" which keeps two great countries from rushing into each other's arms; but we should have thought that, if one thing was clearer than another, it was that the present difficulty has arisen simply because the question has been treated too much as one of words, and not of things, and that the power of words has now been fairly exhausted. All the embarrassments, perplexities, complications, and disappointments of the affair may be traced to the same source—a foolish faith in the magic influence of empty words. It is just as well that the delusion should be knocked on the head. Grave international questions are not to be settled off-hand by neat little after-dinner speeches, or flowery talk about "kith and kin" and "generous brotherhood," any more than by Musical Peace Jubilees, with military bands and a park of artillery to emphasize the aspirations after peace.

THE SORROWS OF CIVIL SERVANTS.

WE have received a pamphlet which sets forth a melancholy story. As it comes from the class aggrieved, we cannot rely upon the completeness or accuracy of its statements, except so far as they are supported by official documents. Assuming, however, that they are substantially correct, it certainly appears that a useful body of public servants have some real ground of complaint; and in the hope that we may help them to receive at least a fair answer, if not a redress of their grievances, we are happy to give such publicity as we can to a moving appeal. It appears, then, that a Mr. Aston Blake was employed in September last in the Inland Revenue Department. Mr. Blake, as we infer from his letters, is a gentleman who may easily be supposed to be somewhat formidable to official superiors. He took to writing a series of letters to the Civil Service Commissioners, requesting explanations of certain regulations to which he was subjected, and declining to be satisfied with the answers which he received. The Civil Service Commissioners are naturally more in their element when asking than when answering questions. As may be imagined, the replies to his letters became shorter and less explanatory; one of his letters, indeed, received no reply at all, and a more urgent request for information merely elicited the statement that the Commissioners had nothing to add to their previous communication. It is not surprising that within a couple of months from this correspondence we find that Mr. Blake ceased to be an ornament to his office; or, as he less euphemistically expresses it, that he had been "kicked out." It is, however, more remarkable that this statement was made to a crowded audience of discontented writers, who received it with sympathetic "groans and hisses." For obvious reasons, these gentlemen seem to have been rather shy of allowing their names to appear. A paper called the *Civilian*, which reports the meeting, declares, we know not with what authority, that the meeting was singularly unanimous and enthusiastic. It adds further, that it was extremely respectable. "The writers," it says, "were not the cads we had expected. Amongst them came former school-fellows, relatives, old associates, and men whom we had met with on terms of equality on some one of the highways and byways of life." It is not for us to say what precise standard of respectability is implied by the fact that a man has been a schoolfellow of the reporter of the *Civilian*, nor are we much enlightened by the further intimation that some of these gentlemen had "treated us rather cavalierly as they journeyed to Pall Mall or Whitehall to earwig the private secretary or confidential clerk of one of those potent personages who control the land and sea forces of Her Britannic Majesty Victoria." We are content to assume that, whatever their antecedents, the gentlemen in question were employed in our public offices, and, for our part, we should never have anticipated the propriety of describing them as "cads." Be that as it may, the fact appears to be that a large number of our public servants are in a state of extreme irritation and disgust. They want, as we all want, more liberal pay and longer holidays. If they had been bricklayers, or even agricultural labourers, they would have endeavoured, and very possibly with success, to secure those desirable objects by a strike. For very good reasons they have not had recourse to that mode of warfare; but they have formed an association, and are endeavouring by an appeal to members of Parliament and the proverbial tender-heartedness of Mr. Lowe to secure a greater measure of reward. Such complaints deserve at least a hearing, and we will try to state their case as simply as possible.

In the good old palmy days, before the blessings of universal competition were known to mankind, the clerks employed for the simpler sort of duties, such as copying despatches, received a rate of pay the minimum of which varied in different offices from 5s. to 6s. 6d. a day. There was generally an increase of salary for every year's service. There was a fortnight's leave of absence, and in some cases an allowance was made during sickness. With the first introduction of competition these advantages began to be pared away. A register was opened for "temporary writers," admission to which was to be obtained by examination. Clerks who had been employed for considerable periods were compelled to pass the new tests, and were then re-appointed at their old rates of pay; but with a stoppage of all holidays, and a deduction of pay for every absence, even of a fraction of an hour, whatever might be the cause. A new set of regulations appeared in August last, which made further alterations for the worse in the position of the clerks. Those who had served continuously since the 4th of June, 1870, were to continue to receive the salary paid to them at that date, but were to have no claims whatever for service subsequent to it. All other writers were to come under the new regulations. They were to be paid at a uniform rate of 10d. an hour, or 30s. a week—the official day consisting of six hours. All absences were to be deducted; no holidays allowed; they might be dismissed at an hour's notice; if they refused to serve when called upon, their names would be struck off the register; and though they might be called upon to go to any part of the kingdom, no allowance would be made for travelling expenses. The general effect of these regulations is obvious. The writers are no longer regarded as belonging to a permanent establishment. They gain by their success in competition nothing but the privilege of being placed upon a register, which gives them the chance of being called out to do as much work as may be desired at the rate of 10d. an hour. The public, instead of keeping a permanent staff of officials, simply has its work done by the job, and incurs no more obligations of any kind towards the persons whom it employs than a private person incurs towards his washerwoman or his tailor. It is a mere commercial transaction on both sides which ends when the particular transaction is completed, without leaving either side under an obligation; and, as a natural corollary, the terms are fixed at the lowest price possible. When the writers protest, they are met by the argument that men of "character, education, and capacity" are ready to replace them on the same terms. They reply that this should be a matter of grave concern and sympathy—which is undeniable—and add that it should not be regarded as a reason for screwing down the poor writers to the lowest possible point. This last assertion will be doubted by the severest school of political economists. Why not take advantage of the play of supply and demand? What is the justice of forcibly extracting six shillings from the rest of the population for the pay of a clerk when you can get another man to do the work respectably for five? There is no magic about the precise sum of 10d. an hour, though 11d. is doubtless more agreeable to the recipient. But how, on grounds of abstract justice, can one sum be pronounced to be much more equitable than the other? or, indeed, to what considerations is it possible to appeal, except to the practical teaching of experience, that 10d. or 11d. as the case may be, is necessary to produce the required article?

These considerations have been thrown in the teeth of the unfortunate writers, and we cannot say that they give a perfectly satisfactory answer when they quote the precept, "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal." We still have to ask, what is just and equal, and by what tests is it to be decided? Neither is it conclusive to say that another set of people receive from twice to four times as much for doing work of no greater difficulty. That may perhaps only prove, what would not be an unprecedented phenomenon, that the public pays extravagantly for part of the service it receives. Why should we not leave the question to open competition, and allow the clerks, if they please, to try the effects of combination, which has proved so powerful in other kinds of employment? To say the truth, we do not see our way to giving a perfectly satisfactory answer to these questions without information which we do not possess. One or two remarks, however, may be made which incline us to the opinion that a real grievance is at the bottom of these complaints. Doubtless we can get the work done in some fashion or other for 10d. an hour, or possibly for less, but that fact alone is not sufficient to establish the policy of the proceeding. We require a certain degree of respectability even in persons employed to do work of a very mechanical kind. The writers have, it is probable, no very important secrets confided to their keeping; but yet, for reasons sufficiently obvious, it is desirable that everybody employed in a public office should possess a certain amount of honesty, intelligence, and zeal. Now the system of competitive examination unluckily provides no guarantee that any given standard will be reached. From the examination papers, of which specimens are given in the pamphlet before us, it is obvious that it is desired to obtain, not indeed very highly educated men, but still men who would be effective clerks in a merchant's office. It is plain, however, that the competitive system only secures that the best of those who present themselves shall be taken, and not that a certain standard shall be attained. Whatever may be the wishes of the examiners, they are practically compelled to conform their standard to the average of the competitors; and if the inducements offered are lowered, it is clear that the class of applicants will also be lowered, in spite of all the competition in the world. And, in the next place, it is scarcely to be expected that a very

excellent class of public servants will be secured for a sum of 30s. a week, without the least guarantee of permanent employment, and without any chance that long service will be rewarded. Thirty shillings is not more than can be secured by an average mechanic; and the writers are obliged, as they say, to maintain "a scrupulous external respectability" which is not demanded from the artisan. It is a puzzle, to which we confess we see no answer, how a man with a family and a home is to keep himself decently clothed and fed and to bring up his family in tolerable comfort on such a pittance. The expenses of living daily increase; and the struggle becomes harder than of old. It seems plain, then, that in spite of the illusory safeguard of competition, the class of writers employed must degenerate, and we have no reason to suppose that even at present they are at all superior to that which we should desire to see employed. And, finally, it seems specially undesirable that the terms of employment should be such as to make the proverb *surtout point de zèle* a practical rule in the Civil Service. Yet it appears that anything like energy or interest in their duties is systematically discouraged by the present regulations for writers. Not only are they poorly paid, but they have nothing to look forward to. The State has the great advantage over other employers that it is immortal. It should therefore be able to get its work done on better terms, because it can promise permanent advantages in the shape of superannuation allowances and promotion. But promotion is not offered to the writers, who are a mere supernumerary class of pariahs, employed as they are wanted, and cast aside when their services become unnecessary. Their situation gives them no chance of rising, and the longest and most exemplary services cannot possibly be rewarded. A private employer may have bowels, but the State, bound by fixed regulations, has none; and therefore employment in a public office, so far from giving additional advantages, is plainly worse than employment at the same daily rate elsewhere. If any additional discouragement were wanted, it would be given by the refusal to allow holidays or to permit travelling expenses. A writer, it seems, must always be ready to serve the State at a moment's notice, and the State is under no reciprocal engagement to him. He is therefore under all the conditions which can tempt a man to scamp his work as much as possible and seek for other employment at the earliest possible opportunity. Under such circumstances it certainly seems that the writers have made out a good *prima facie* case; and that, unless there is some inaccuracy in their statements, we must expect a deterioration in the class employed and a growing want of zeal in the new generation.

FASHIONABLE SCREWS.

FINE ladies not unfrequently play at philanthropy. Such time as they can spare from dress and amusement they give to framing plans of relief for the poor. These are always plans that give their inventors a prominent position, that include society in its holiday clothes, and that depend for success on other people's pockets. Sometimes it is a concert, where you have to buy a ticket at an exorbitant price to hear indifferent music badly rendered by second-rate professionals; or it may be an amateur affair, when the entertainment is yet more dreary, and you have to applaud with greater vehemence to cover the lack of interest and intrinsic merit; or it may be amateur theatricals, when you pay a week's living to see Lady Callipyge in tights and Miss Auricomus with her back hair down. But you have to do it. Your fine lady friends count on your support, and hold you to your sacrifice by the honour of your knighthood and as the confession of your service. If you are rich and a *parenu* it is all very well. You do not miss your guineas, and you are content to pay handsomely for a front seat among the upper ten; and to be able to discuss my Lady Callipyge and Miss Auricomus among your own set with the air of a man who knows his world is a privilege worth a handsome outlay. If you are one of yourselves, you pay of course for the honour of your order, though you think it a bore all the same; but if you are only one of the hangers-on, one of the semi-detached fringe, the impecunious appearances that float about the great world, mere gilt and not gold, and very thin gilt too, you know then what the force of the fashionable screw is when it is put on you, and you have to submit to be squeezed if you would still be received. There is of course the honour of the thing. Well, the honour counts for something, certainly; but your sparse guineas have their own eloquence too; and when you have to live up to the mark of people whose thousands would cover your units, you find your margin encroaching on your capital in an alarming manner. You would not mind so much perhaps if you could distil any amusement out of your expenditure. But, save for that barren honour of association, the philanthropic pleasures which fine ladies get up among themselves are mostly of the deadiest, dullest kind. Concerts, private theatricals, raffles, bazaars, *fêtes champêtres*—what a sense of weariness steals over us as we jot down the list! The yawns that would not be stifled, try as heroically as we might; the laugh that would not come when the funny things were said, though we made hideous grimaces which we hoped would pass for genuine mirth; the interest that absolutely refused to be simulated, and that no amount of pumping up could bring to the surface; the ineffable emptiness and silliness and boredom of it all; and to think that generation after generation of fine, healthy, muscular men, and women who have souls to be

saved, go in for this miserable kind of thing as if they liked it; and at each new outbreak of the old disease, make believe that it is a useful, a popular, and a dignified display of philanthropic zeal!

Perhaps a charitable bazaar is the most objectionable of all the screws in use, because giving the most trouble to the largest number of persons, and loading the conscience of every one concerned with a variety of burdens, any one of which we should imagine unendurably painful to the sensitive. In the first place there has been called into existence, at great pains and cost, a lot of absolutely worthless things; pincushions that will not hold pins; penwipers, the beads or fluffy ends of which get into the slit of the pen; smoking-caps of violent patterns, that cannot possibly fit any head bigger than a turnip, or else so large that they would do for Gargantua himself; dauby "art," the best destination of which would be to light the kitchen fire; bead ornaments that no woman who respected herself would wear, and that are fit only for savages; and various articles for gentlemen's use, such as "shaving tidies" and the like, which are enough to send any man mad who has them in his possession. The name of the trumpery, absolutely useless and absurd, paid for at fabulous prices, and bought under a pressure that is little better than a polite method of swindling, is legion; but the object, whatever it may be, for which the bazaar has been got up, is assumed to justify the means; and to supply the poor dear natives of equatorial Africa with tracts and blankets is a cause so holy that it covers a thousand sins against common sense, good taste, and the first principles of trade and honesty. On the other hand, a bazaar gives a certain amount of pleasure to a certain set of people. There are, first, the ladies holding the stalls. They have for one excitement that of dress, with its concomitant, admiration; for another the till. If they are young or pretty, or of exceptionally high position, their counter is thronged, and they are complimented and stared at to satiety. They make merchandise of their smiles, and drive a roaring trade in their *cartes-de-visite* and autographs, with miserable little coat bouquets made up and fastened in by their own hands, and sold at prices more like the current rates of El Dorado than of London; so that their "take" soon swells beyond their neighbours' and rivals', and with it their enjoyment of their friends' annoyance and their own glory, and of the day's doings altogether. For among the reasons against philanthropic bazaars must be counted the malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness which they engender among the ladies who hold the stalls, and the unchristian sentiments cherished by each fashionable *boutiquière*, according to her own comparative failure and the success of her friends. That does not prevent a certain amount of personal pleasure, however, even in the least successful; of which perhaps the greater part has been anticipatory, though something is due to association, and to the glory of having one's name printed on rose-tinted circulars at the tail of a dozen peeresses, with Her Gracious Majesty or His Royal Highness to head the ruck. It gives pleasure too to the crowd of moneyed snobs who think it well worth the cost to stand at one side of a deal plank laid on trestles and covered with pink calico, chaffering for cigar-cases and worsted work, with the Countess of this or the Duchess of that condescending for the moment to be shopkeepers, and not above the less reputable arts of their prototypes. And it gives pleasure to young girls who have no money of their own, and consequently are not expected to buy, and for whom things are bought by the gentlemen or the kind old aunts of the party. The carpenters and confectioners employed also get their gain out of the affair; and the microscopic "stimulus to trade," represented by so many yards of material and so many reels of thread as have been used in the rubbish turned out, must be taken into account. But when these have been summed up, nothing remains behind but vanity and vexation of spirit, and a large surplus of unusable trash.

These are truths which every one knows, and which have been repeated a dozen times. Yet they make no kind of impression. Year after year sees the same dreary whip applied to the generosity of the rich and the mercy of the charitable; and philanthropic objects which ought to need no recommendation but themselves are touted for by the same kind of vulgar glare and glitter, say in a *fête champêtre*, that once went to make up town fairs and village festivals. Save that the guests are all well dressed, and the English spoken for the most part unexceptionable, there is absolutely no difference in kind between a *fête champêtre* held in a private park for an object and the old fairs of our youth. The amusements are essentially of the same character, if less gross in display; except indeed that the jugglers and acrobats, being hired for the day, are seldom so racy and full of vigour as when their suppers depend on their own exertions. There are the same stupid games of chance, whereof the winnings are things you cannot eat or things you cannot use; and the same mild games of skill, such as knock-'em-downs and Aunt Sallys, Giants' mouths, and the like. There are the Tyrolean singers, in conical hats with peacocks' feathers at the side, flinging out their famous *jodels* under the trees; and perhaps, if the promoters are people of inventive genius and can light on a clever backer, there is the cave where the hermit or the gipsy tells fortunes for an extra fee, and makes shrewd guesses at probabilities, previously prompted by one who knows, that set the simpler minds aflame with wonder how ever they were found out. There are shady walks where flirtations are carried on, and retired seats where engaged lovers are always to be found; there are counters where lukewarm ices are sold, with

cups of weak tea and stale sandwiches interspersed. But though the arrangements have a certain aristocratic finish about them which the village festival and the town fair had not, and the military band and striped bunting surpass all that Hodge can do in the way of music and canvas, still the *fête champêtre* for an object, where the company pays for entrance, and where all the amusements provided are offered at a separate charge, is only the same thing as a fair differently conditioned, and not half so amusing, if a trifle more expensive and a great deal less immoral; which last ought perhaps to make the score.

To our mind the whole thing is a mistake. If objects or institutions want help, let them be brought before the public in a manly, straightforward way. A distinct statement of their work, and as distinct an exposition of their difficulties, a simple and therefore pathetic history of some of the more striking of their cases, and indisputable evidence that they are wanted both in the sphere and the locality they have chosen, are more earnest and more dignified means of appealing to the public than the mock trading of a bazaar, or the dreary fun of a *fête champêtre*. Of course the counter argument is that people with money are usually so frivolous and stupid that they are to be got at only through their vanities and their selfishness. Offer them occasions for display, or the pretence of a *quid pro quo*, the association of fine-sounding names, or the semblance of amusement, and their guineas will flow in liberally, where the eloquence of a Bossuet and the philanthropy of a Howard would fall like water upon a sandhill. And as the world is governed mainly by expediency, and all folks think it the wisest policy, if not the highest morality, to live down to their surroundings, those who have the cause of institutions and the success of objects at heart think it well to make friends with mammon if they can, and to get by spurious motives help which they say would not come to them through truer ones. We doubt this. We do not believe in building anything whatever on quagmires; and the cause which has to be shored up by such artificial means as these fashionable screws of so-called amusement is a cause that will never stand its ground in the long run. We are afraid, however, that it is no use preaching; the season has set in, and tracts and blankets for the dwellers in equatorial Africa, as well as other things nearer home, are to be found among the summer list of causes for which we shall be bidden to bazaars and fêtes, and asked to join in raffles and all the other hateful means by which charity is rendered odious and philanthropy ridiculous.

CHURCH AND STATE IN GERMANY.

THE Old Catholic movement seems to be every day becoming more and more of a burning question for the State, both in Northern and Southern Germany. In the North, Prince Bismarck has taken up the cudgels against the Ultramontane clergy with a vigour which is all the more remarkable from the studious neutrality of his earlier policy in religious controversies. The Jesuits may perhaps in one sense be considered safe game to fly at. That dark whispers of their personal vengeance should be current in connexion with the alleged indisposition of the Imperial Chancellor is natural enough. For the names of Gioberti and Cardinal Andrea, not to speak of more recent stories about Strossmayer, may suffice to remind us that the suspicion of poison has by no means become obsolete on the Continent, however long it may have survived the actual practice. The belief in Ganganelli's untimely fate is still widely prevalent, at least among Protestants, after the lapse of a century, and was elaborately defended not many years ago by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, though the physician who examined his body at the time unhesitatingly ascribed his death to natural causes. Setting aside, however, these subtle grounds of apprehension, there can be no doubt that Prince Bismarck will carry with him a considerable body of Catholic as well as Protestant feeling in his stringent measures against the Jesuits. It was by the urgent desire of the French Government, and with the express sanction of the other Catholic Cabinets, that Clement XIV. suppressed the Order in 1773; and if their direct political influence has been less conspicuous since their restoration by Pius VII. forty years later, their energies have certainly not shown any sign of abatement, and their number has risen during the last half-century to more than half what it had become in the two centuries before the suppression. In Germany they have long held the virtual direction of Catholic education, both primary and superior, in their hands, and for some twenty years past they have made strenuous use of their vantage ground for indoctrinating both the hierarchy and the people with infallibilist beliefs. The German College at Rome, at which several of the existing bishops were trained, is under their exclusive management. On these and other grounds the Jesuits have provoked a strong antagonism in Germany, and their expulsion from the country, whatever may be thought of the abstract justice of so high-handed a measure, would probably be regretted by a minority only of the clergy, and a still smaller minority of laymen. It is rather in his challenge to what one of our contemporaries calls, with lofty disregard for the niceties of ecclesiastical terminology, "the regular clergy"—meaning thereby the secular as distinct from the regular clergy—that Prince Bismarck seem to be treading on dangerous ground. The Bishop of Ermland is threatened with ulterior measures if he persists, as he certainly will, in his refusal to withdraw the excommunica-

tion of Old Catholic priests; and the Army Bishop Namszanowski, has been removed from his office for prohibiting mass to be celebrated in a military church at Cologne polluted by the performance, at a different hour, of Old Catholic worship, whereupon the Pope has lost no time in consoling him by the titular dignity, much coveted by Catholic prelates, of "Assistant to the Pontifical Throne." So matters stand between Church and State in Prussia for the moment, and it is easier to foresee the impossibility of their continuing *in statu quo* than to predict the ultimate result. As to the moral and numerical strength of the anti-infallibilist movement among the fourteen million Catholic subjects of the Empire, opinions seem much divided; and there are so many who, for various reasons, hesitate to show their hand, that any opinion on the subject must be more or less conjectural. That the mass of the educated laity do not believe in Papal infallibility is hardly denied, the favourite retort of their Ultramontane opponents being that neither do they believe in the Trinity. But precisely the same sort of criticism is made, and apparently with quite as much reason, on the good faith of pronounced Infallibilists. Such charges, and others still more odious, are sure to be freely bandied about in times of religious controversy, and it is not possible till the smoke of the battle is cleared away to ascertain the true position and relative strength of the rival forces. But to speak like Herr Monfang in the German Parliament, of "a disturbance in the Church caused by six professors and as many apostate priests," is to turn a serious subject into a comedy.

Meanwhile in the South of Germany a grave difference has arisen between the Bavarian Government and almost the entire professoriate of the Munich University, which includes, not six, but fifty-three, Catholic professors. The Cabinet of Herr Lutz, as our readers are aware, has long since announced its resolve to maintain intact the rights of Old Catholics, both civil and religious, but it is somewhat hampered in the practical carrying out of this policy by the Ultramontane party in the Chambers, partly composed of priests and elected in great measure under clerical influence. The demand of the Bishops for coercive powers against their refractory clergy was refused, as well on the ground of the Council not yet being over and its decrees therefore not being binding, as of the illegal promulgation of those decrees without the *placitum regium*, and the violent measures by which it had been followed up by the episcopate. But a second and more plausible demand met with a different reception. The Bishops asked for an endowment of 4,000 fl. for the establishment of new Professors of Philosophy and Ecclesiastical History in the University—to supplement or supplant the existing staff—to whose lectures they might send their theological students. The blow was of course aimed directly at Dr. Dollinger, who has for the last forty years held the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Munich. The Ministry referred the request to the Chambers, where a majority decided against it, as inconsistent with the policy already proclaimed of giving no recognition to the Vatican Council. But the close of the Session was at hand; the budget of Worship and Education had still to be passed, including 26,000 fls. for the University jubilee, this being the 400th anniversary of its foundation, and strong pressure was brought to bear on the Government by the Ultramontane or "patriotic" party to get the 4,000 fls. included too. It was urged that no principle would be given up, and that after all it would rest with the Senate—a select body of professors—to accept or decline the proffered gift. The Government caught at this plea for shifting the responsibility from their own shoulders, and the additional sum was voted in the budget; and thus the question of appointing additional professors as substitutes for those in office came before the Senate. It would have been easy enough of course for the Bishops to have lectures on philosophy and history after their own mind delivered in the Theological Seminary attached to the University, but that would not have suited their purpose. The Senate, with Dollinger, the *Rector Magnificus* for this year, at its head, was called upon to pronounce sentence on itself for heterodoxy, by appointing infallibilist substitutes to teach what it has formally repudiated as errors both of fact and faith. It was intimated, moreover, by the Minister of Worship that, unless the 4,000 fls. for additional professors were accepted, the 26,000 fls. for the expenses of the jubilee could not be paid. The Senate, however, was firm, and declined to accept the money on these humiliating conditions. It should be added that, while the legal right of appointing professors rests exclusively with the Government, it is always customary to consult the wishes of the University in the matter, and that to appoint them against its will would be looked upon as a very abnormal and tyrannical procedure. This, however, is what the Ultramontane organs are urging them to do, while accepting the refusal of the 26,000 fls. for the jubilee; the rest of the press, as a rule, takes the side of the University. It has, on the other hand, been suggested as a middle course that the Government, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, should take the matter entirely into its own hands, and carry out the vote of the Chambers by itself naming the two supplementary professors, while at the same time handing over to the University the 26,000 fls. for the celebration of its fourth centenary. Such a course would certainly be more straightforward and less offensive than that which it is actually pursuing; but, if adopted at all, it should obviously have been adopted from the first. To attempt to extort from the Senate an unwilling consent to what it could hardly fail to regard as an act of self-stultification, by the threat of withdrawing the necessary means for the observance of a great public solemnity long

looked forward to, is a course not more irritating than undignified, and does not say much for the wisdom or firmness of the present Bavarian Cabinet. The representatives of the various parishes of Munich have meanwhile unanimously resolved to adopt all requisite measures, with as little delay as possible, for taking part in the approaching jubilee. So for the present the matter rests. There is meanwhile a contest going on between the Archbishop and the academical authorities about the services at St. Louis, the University church, which, like St. Mary's at Oxford, is also a parish church, but in this the Government does not appear to have interfered.

What makes this affair the more irritating to a large body of German Catholics is that they specially pride themselves on their national Universities as a characteristic distinction in which no other country can rival them, and which for that very reason they suspect Rome of seeking to mutilate or destroy. It seems also that for the last ten years a scheme has been maturing, with the support of the Bishops and certain wealthy ladies, for the establishment of a high school at Fulda on strictly Roman principles, for which from 30,000 to 40,000 florins have already been subscribed; while there has been no attempt to introduce a Catholic Faculty of Theology at the new Imperial University at Strasburg, though two-thirds of the inhabitants of Alsace are Catholics. It is not unnaturally suspected that the Curia looks with a jealous eye on Universities altogether, and is really, under the pretext of securing liberty of teaching, declaring war against scientific culture, as Germans understand the term. There has been much in the policy of the Jesuits to foster this suspicion, and it will be remembered that the Old Catholic Congress of last September at Munich—which is to reassemble this autumn at Cologne—followed up its demand for the liberal education of the clergy by a protest against the mischievous influence of the Order on education and a demand for its suppression. It is a similar feeling, from a precisely opposite point of view, which inspires the angry comparison which Ultramontane divines are so fond of insisting on between the infallibility of the Pope and the infallibility of the professors.

SMALL BIRDS.

THERE is an old question as to the limits of legislation in regard to the small affairs of life. There are many things which people ought, or ought not, to do which can hardly be brought within the scope of Acts of Parliament; but it is sometimes difficult to say exactly where the line should be drawn. A member of the House of Commons lately proposed, for example, that there should be a Royal proclamation against the eating of lamb and veal, on the ground that it was wasteful and extravagant to eat young sheep and calves which, if allowed to attain maturity, would supply a larger amount of nourishing food for the community. Mr. Gladstone, admitting the force of the argument—which, however, is in some respects rather plausible than sound, since it leaves out of account the cost of feeding the animals till they grow up—very properly pointed out that it would never do for the State to interfere in such matters, and that all that could be done was to trust to the growth of an intelligent public opinion on the subject. Another question of this kind is the extent to which it is possible or expedient to afford legislative protection to wild birds. The more valuable kinds of game are already protected. Grouse, partridges, and pheasants each have their close times during which they are allowed to breed in peace and safety. It seems a natural extension of the principle that this protection should also be secured to other descriptions of wild fowl which form a staple article of food and commerce; and Mr. A. Johnston's Bill, containing this proposal, has been unanimously read a second time in the House of Commons. Mr. Johnston proposes that it should be made unlawful to kill, wound, or take wild fowl in the United Kingdom between the 1st of April and the 1st of August in any year. Any person who is detected in the act of pursuing or killing wild fowl, or who is in possession of any wild fowl "recently killed, wounded, or taken" during the close period, will be liable to a fine not exceeding a pound for every bird. The Bill enumerates thirty-five different kinds of wild fowl as coming within the general definition of "staple articles of food and commerce"; but though they are all used, more or less, as food, here are some of them which can hardly be regarded as regular articles of commerce. The birds mentioned are chiefly of the curlew, plover, mallard, snipe, wild duck, and woodcock species, and the names of some of them are quite unfamiliar except to ornithologists and sportsmen who have devoted themselves especially to small game of this kind. How many people, we wonder, know what a dunlin is, or a godwit, a phalarope, a pochard, a purr, or a whimbrel? There is an exception in the Bill the logic of which we fail to appreciate. It is provided that the section protecting wild fowl shall not apply when the birds are young and unable to fly. We should have thought that some of the reasons which require that protection should be afforded to grown-up birds applied with at least equal force to young ones. Again, nothing is said about the taking of eggs; and here we come upon an obvious difficulty. How is the consumption of plovers' eggs to be checked during the London season? Mr. Henley observed that, if we were to fine people who shot or snared plovers, the next step would be to fine people who ate plovers' eggs; since it would be absurd, with the view of preserving the birds, to protect them from being

shot, but to allow their eggs to be taken and eaten with impunity. A severe logic would certainly require that an interdict should be placed on the eating of eggs, and it is probable that the confectioners would have little difficulty in inventing an agreeable substitute. But as long as people are willing to pay for plovers' eggs at their present price, it would be flying in the face of political economy to doubt that a supply will be forthcoming in answer to the demand; and before fining or imprisoning the consumers of these dainties, it will perhaps be as well to try the effect of moral suasion. Under Mr. Johnston's Bill, there will at least be more birds to breed, and consequently more eggs to spare. If it were to be decided that the offence should be brought within the range of the criminal law, there would be some rather nice questions to be settled, as, for example, whether the penalty should fall on the host who placed the forbidden delicacies on his table, or on the guest who rashly partook of them. Lady Blanche at Bow Street for reckless indulgence in plovers' eggs is certainly a startling prospect.

It was perhaps hardly to be expected that Mr. Anberon Herbert should be content with so rational and moderate a proposal as Mr. Johnston's Bill. Mr. Herbert has no patience with partial or gradual reforms, and always soars far above those practical considerations which are suggested by prudence and expediency. The Bill before the House is founded on a simple principle, which has already been recognized in other cases. Game and certain kinds of fish are protected by close seasons as being articles of food and commerce of which it is important on public grounds that a supply should be kept up. Mr. Johnston proposes that various descriptions of wild fowl which come within the same category shall also be protected in a similar manner. This is tolerably plain sailing, but Mr. Herbert insisted that the Bill ought to be extended so as to embrace all the birds in the kingdom, down to sparrows and tom-tits. His delicate sensibilities were offended by the strong smell of the larder which he detected in the measure as it stood. No account was taken of any birds except those which were fit for the table, or of any enjoyment to be derived from birds except in the way of eating them. With all, or nearly all, that Mr. Herbert urged on behalf of the birds we cordially agree. It is very much to be desired that the wholesale destruction of small birds through ignorance, brutality, or paltry cupidity should be checked. The only question is as to the practicability of doing any good by severe legislation on the subject. An official inquiry which took place a few years ago in France proved very clearly the important services which the small birds render to agriculture. What they eat is often an insignificant quantity compared with what they save from the depredations of insects. It is well known that the tiniest twitterer is not beneath the notice of the Gallic sportsman when he sallies forth with his dogs and gun and a huge *gibecière* at his side. In France the denizens of the hedgerows are not only regarded as excellent sport, but as luxuries of the table; and the famous recipe for cooking redbreasts will not be forgotten:—"This amiable songster is excellent when done in bread crumbs." The farmers, too, waged war on the birds on their own account, vowing vengeance on them as a race of brigands. The result was that the birds began to grow scarce, and the insects got the upper hand, very much to the disgust of the farmers, who found that their condition was now insufferable, and appealed for help to the Minister of Agriculture. It is probable that the investigation which was ordered by the Minister produced a good effect in France and in this country also. It showed the farmers who were their best friends. The Sparrow Clubs which were ostentatiously busy in some English counties a few years since have been shamed into obscurity, if not inactivity. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire proved by the examination of the stomachs of certain birds that they lived chiefly on insects, and that their assistance against the latter was cheaply purchased at the cost of the comparatively small quantity of grain and fruit which they appropriated to themselves. Mr. Herbert quoted the anecdote about Frederick the Great and the sparrows; he had set a price upon their heads, having found them at his cherries, but, after a year or two, he was glad not only to abolish the premium for killing sparrows, but to import them at his own expense. Lady Burdett Coutts, in her last letter, mentions a more authentic incident. Mr. Rose, the Queen's gardener, having one day killed a blackbird which was flying from a strawberry bed, was seized with remorse when he saw that it was carrying off a large snail. It is impossible, however, altogether to clear the character of the birds, and some of them are worse than others. Thrushes and blackbirds are exasperatingly destructive in fruit-gardens, and the wood-pigeon in many districts is an intolerable pest. The argument in favour of the birds, on the ground that they are a protection against insects, may easily be pushed too far. Indeed a similar plea might be started on behalf of the insects, and of all kinds of parasites and vermin, none of whom are without a useful mission of some kind or other. The common sense view is that the birds do both good and harm, and the balance between the two depends very much on local circumstances. The wanton and indiscriminate slaughter of small birds deserves the strongest censure, but it is quite possible that they require to be kept down a little.

When Mr. Herbert has pursued his political studies a little further he will perhaps discover that, before passing a law, it is worth while to consider whether it has any chance of being enforced. It has been asserted that our legislation already shows some alarming symptoms of a mania for the creation of misdemeanours, and this state of things would certainly reach its

climax if birdnesting were to be made a criminal offence. The objection to Mr. Herbert's proposal that all birds should be protected is simply that it could not be carried out. We agree with Lady Burdett Coutts that what we have most to hope for is the diffusion of correct information and the cultivation of habits of reflection as to the uses, feelings, and capabilities of the animal world. And we are glad to see that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has already done such good service in this respect, is disposed to rely chiefly on moral and educational agencies. Mr. Johnston's Bill appears to have been prepared by the Society in concert with a Committee of the British Association; but we are not aware that it has given any countenance to Mr. Herbert's fantastic and impracticable proposal. We cannot say that we share Mr. Herbert's fastidious objection to the smell of the larder, but the considerations which weigh with us most strongly in desiring to see a check put upon the wanton and reckless destruction of small birds certainly do not relate either to their flavour on the table or to the value of their assistance in agricultural operations. It will be a good thing in itself if the murderous instincts which appear to possess a considerable section of the population can be restrained. Nothing can be more disgusting than the stupid brutality of the people who go about shooting swallows, gulls, and other birds for the mere sake of slaughter, and who cannot restrain the impulse to shoot everything that comes within range if they happen to have a gun in their hands. Mr. Lowe's Gun-tax has perhaps done some good in this direction. It has helped to diminish the number of guns which were perpetually pointed at all sorts of living creatures in pure wantonness and malice. In Massachusetts and some other American States the birds of the fields and hedgerows are protected by strict enactments, but there seems to be some doubt as to whether the enactments are closely enforced. If the Wild Fowl Bill is passed, we shall have some experience to guide us as to how far it is desirable to carry this kind of legislative interference. In the meantime, there is a great deal to be done by precept and example. While educated and, as they profess to consider themselves, refined gentlemen engage in the wretched butchery which goes by the name of battues and pigeon-shooting, it is not surprising that less intelligent and refined natures should be encouraged in the indulgence of their brutal instincts. It appears that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is engaged in active missionary work in Spain, Italy, and elsewhere on the Continent. It has sent to the curé and schoolmaster of every village in Spain "an almanack beautifully illustrated, and adapted to the tastes and requirements of Spaniards." There are various classes among our own population who might perhaps be the better for a distribution of almanacks adapted to their special weaknesses.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

VI.

THE portraits of the year may possibly be saved from absolute dreariness if taken as a sign of the times, or as a gauge of the rise and fall of the art of the country. Several styles are readily distinguished. There are what may be called society portraits—pretty and pink, fashionable, flouncy, and fluffy. Mr. Sant, R.A., sometimes, and Mr. Buckner always, thus favour the Academy with the latest mode of the milliner's shop. Then there are subject portraits—ladies at a card-table, actors playing their parts, gentlemen on horseback in the hunting-field; and thus, after the manner of Reynolds, sitters are by happy attitude and fitting action disposed into more or less charming pictures. Mr. Millais is the great master of this process of picture portraiture; Sir Francis Grant, Mr. Wells, and one or two others in minor degree, also seek to escape monotony by action, incident, or pleasing accessories. Again, there is what may be termed the intellectual portrait; statesmen, men of science or of letters—usually endowed with fine brains, piercing eyes, firm or flexible lips—have generally a presence sufficiently pictorial to dispense with decorative or distracting details. Mr. Richmond, R.A., Mr. Knight, R.A., Mr. Watts, R.A., Mr. Millais, R.A., and Mr. Wells, R.A., have been, or are, identified in their art with some of the finest intellects of our age. Furthermore, a distinction may be made between naturalistic or realistic portraits and portraits which tend to historic or ideal treatment. To the former class belongs plebeianism in portraiture—e.g. heads of educated mechanics, manufacturers suddenly become art patrons; the figures are usually bulky and aldermanic; the hands, often fresh from the mill or the counter, are naturally wanting in the graceful bend at the wrist, in the fine attenuation of the fingers, which mark the sitters of Vandyck from Charles I. downwards. This plebeian and commercial style may be characterized as solid and stolid. As an antidote there fortunately still exist certain historic or ideal treatments, in some measure borrowed from the old masters, but also taken direct from nature, the artist working on the immutable principles which the great painters discovered or exemplified. Mr. Watts, and also occasionally Mr. Richmond, draw, paint, and plan their portraits in accordance with historic precedents. Take, for example, the head by Mr. Watts of his fellow-Academician, Mr. Calderon (153); the manner is that of Tintoret. This now exceptional mode seems to depend on three leading conditions—selection of the governing idea, sub-

jection of all that is rightly subordinate to that one idea, and lastly, the surrender of everything which detracts from the mental or pictorial value of the idea. It would appear to be needful to the perfection of this ideal portraiture that the idea chosen should be identified with the sitter in his happiest moments. It is to be feared that the portraits in the Academy, judged by any such standards, show the decadence of art.

Mr. Sant has accomplished a difficult task with fair credit. Among Royal pictures—seldom distinguished by art merit—ranks well the large portrait of "Her Majesty the Queen, with her Grandchildren, the Princes Albert Victor and George and Princess Victoria of Wales" (259). Mr. Sant is a great improvement on M. Winterhalter. For children he has had few equals since Reynolds, as will be at once apparent from the picture of the youthful "Son of Henry R. Farrer, Esq." (313). No doubt Mr. Millais has thrown off a more consummate work of art in the prettiest boy picture of the year, that of "Master Liddell, son of Charles Liddell, Esq." (280). In the drawing we recognize a subtlety and sense of beauty common to Vandyck and Lawrence; in the subdued splendour of colour we might fancy ourselves among the Venetians. But the painter's triumph is reserved for three sisters, who will henceforth be scarcely less famous in picture galleries than the three daughters of Palma Vecchia. Art quality, rather than accuracy in likeness, has rendered portraits celebrated; great historic portraits, with few exceptions, are prized less as portraits than as pictures. To this rule "Hearts are Trumps" (223) may prove no exception, inasmuch as it seems doubtful whether the three "Daughters of Walter Armstrong, Esq." (223) will ever take their place in the family portrait gallery, the picture being said to have found a purchaser among the general public on the abstract ground of art merit. And indeed in skilful, brilliant, and rapid handling, in colour daring and dazzling, yet in keeping and concord, in light-giving lustre not less refulgent than luminous frescoes in Italy, these portraits are more than portraits. Persons curious in technique will find it worth while to examine the workmanship both close and at a distance. Near to the eye the strokes of the brush seem random and ragged, the paint stands boldly out as if the canvas were a bas-relief, the draperies appear sketchy and unfinished, the whole picture indeed looks careless and offhand; yet if the spectator will stand back six or eight feet, the composition at once comes together and tells with a force so extraordinary that every adjacent picture suffers loss. A humorous writer has conjectured that "the artist must have painted with a brush about eight feet long, working upon a swivel like a duck-gun." Mr. Millais passes from gay to grave when he comes to deal with "Sir James Paget, Bart." (554), a portrait of calm outlook, with that air of mental introspection which anxious thought or responsibility induces. Another figure by Mr. Millais we mention for the sake of comparison with the assailable colouring of Mr. Orchardson. "The Marquis of Westminster" (567), by the former, and the "Portrait of a Lady" (492), by the latter, are hung as companion pictures; in each the figure is as red as that of a Cardinal. Mr. Millais takes pains to mitigate the hunting-coat; Mr. Orchardson, on the contrary, makes the lady's dress a blaze of fiercest red; and yet the head stands out firmly, and balance is restored by a skilful play of complementary colour in the background. This portrait is a fearless venture; in other hands it might have turned out a fearful failure.

It were wearisome to mention one half of the portraits which reach that safest of all standards, respectable mediocrity. We must not forget, however, "The Lord Poltimore and Hounds" (337), the great achievement of the President. In clear daylight, pleasant but chalky, his lordship appears on horseback; in fine perspective, all "chiaro" and no "oscuro," the landscape and distant huntsman are seen over the backs of about twenty hounds, who joyfully wag twenty tails in honour of "The Cattistock Hunt." The picture is good of its kind. For the sake of brevity we simply indicate portraits more or less distinguished by individuality and artistic treatment, from Mr. Goodall, R.A. (545), Mr. Wells, R.A. (220), M. Gallait, H.F.A., Mr. Elmore, R.A. (367), Mr. Calderon, R.A. (65), Mr. Richmond, R.A. (194, 336), Mr. W. B. Richmond (172), Mr. Prinsep (1080), Mr. Herdman, R.S.A. (475), Mr. Archer, R.S.A. (283), Mr. Macbeth, A.R.S.A. (1026), M. Bauerle (583), Mr. Oules (366), Mr. J. C. Moore (32), and Mr. Whistler (941). This list might be extended almost indefinitely, so universal has the painting of portraits become among Academicians and others. A survey of the entire collection would seem to point to the natural conclusion that the artist who paints portraits and nothing else falls into monotony and a restricted range, whereas painters who descend to portraiture from the higher sphere of historic or creative art are more fertile in the expedients whereby dull heads may be enlivened, plain faces adorned, or subjects otherwise unpromising transmuted into agreeable pictures. Marked originality or bold departure from ordinary routine is exceptional; of such exceptional merit, however, we may quote two examples. One is a little girl in a riding dress with a whip in her hand (32), a simple enough theme. But Mr. J. C. Moore has managed to throw into the figure a quaintness, independence, and personality which we might expect to find if one of the early Italian artists were to sit down to paint modern character in modern costume. Mr. Moore was first known to us in landscape, and the harmony he evoked out of greys and sandy yellows on the banks of the golden Tiber he still retains in his figure studies. Another portrait, wholly exceptional, we owe to

Mr. Whistler, known in etching as a consummate master of light and shade. For chiaroscuro, for tone, for tender and true relations between light and shade, the "Arrangement in Grey and Black, Portrait of the Painter's Mother" (941), is very skilful. The attitude of the figure, seated and in profile, seems to have been suggested by two famous statues—the portrait of Agrippina in the Capitol, and Canova's portrait of the mother of Napoleon I. at Chatsworth. Yet Mr. Whistler has so blurred the face that we can hardly suppose portraiture was his primary purpose; the main motive would seem to be a play on monotone, and the one colour is so managed as to suggest many—an illusion known in the sister art of engraving.

The Slade Professor at the London University has thought fit to speak at the Royal Institution in disparagement of landscape; he would, in fact, exalt figure painting to the annihilation of landscape art—that art in which it used to be thought our English school stood supreme. Landscape painting, asserts Mr. Poynter, is the mere transcript and imitation of nature; figure painting, it is assumed, is something more; therefore we are to conclude that figure painting is superior to landscape painting. A ready answer to this argument would seem to be that each art is just what a painter chooses to make of it; that the human figure may be degraded quite as easily as a tree, a mountain, or a sky, and that, on the other hand, each element in a landscape can be, and has been, exalted by painters gifted with poetic insight and creative imagination. In proof of this position may be quoted the much decried John Martin and Francis Danby in our English school, and Claude, Poussin, and Salvator Rosa among foreign schools. We so fully agree with the high tone of Mr. Poynter's teachings that we the more regret he should have failed to see that the ideal principles which he enunciates may yet save our landscape art from the meanness and triviality of servile imitation. And indeed, on looking round the Academy, it would seem to us that in the utter discomfiture of the so-called pre-Raphaelites the path of the future no longer leads downwards, but upwards. At all events, in the landscapes of Mr. Vicat Cole (110, 550), Mr. Leader (151), Mr. Peter Graham (1055), Mr. Dillon (946), and Mr. Raven (84) we recognize an effort to bring the scattered elements of nature into subordination, unity, and symmetry; to give just value to the primary conception, the ruling idea; to reduce composition to a system and a law. Even Mr. Raven, who has struggled through a trying apprenticeship to pre-Raphaelitism, learns at last the distinction between a study and a picture, the difference between art and nature; he sees the necessity of merging detail which militates against the dominant sentiment. Such, in short, seems to be the secret of his success in "A Hampshire Homestead" (84); each leaf that quivers against the sunset sky is brought into keeping with the quietude which has taken undisturbed possession of the landscape. In like manner Mr. Vicat Cole, in "Noon" (110), the chief landscape of the year, has been at infinite pains to bring the foreground tapestry of purple heather, green ferns, and golden sand, into keeping with the blue, the gold, and the grey of the distant valley and the outlying hills. Mr. J. T. Linnell also, in a lovely scene on the "English Coast" (555), has managed to reduce into unison of line and concord of colour a complex composition of sky, sea, wooded headland, and branching tree. Again, for a symmetry of proportion which might satisfy even a figure painter, and for sculptural modelling of mountain forms, we would point to Mr. Leader's "Flood on a Welsh River" (151). Likewise, as an example of the beauty and grandeur of which landscape art is capable, as a proof of the power gained by scale, elevation, space, atmosphere, we need only refer to Mr. Graham's "Cradle of the Sea-bird" (1055). It may be objected that Mr. Graham and his fellow-countryman, Mr. Mac Whirter (248), surrender too much to unity; that, in seeking grandeur and mystery, they are apt to merge form and to blur outline. It may be pleaded in answer that the subjects selected are not from sunny Italy, but from murky Scotland. Another Northern aspect of nature, green, grey, and cool, is depicted by Mr. Millais in two landscapes which, notwithstanding admitted merits, are far from satisfactory. "Flowing to the River" (56) is detailed to the point of being scattered; while, on the contrary, "Flowing to the Sea" (71) is broad to vacancy. Yet these pictures contain some admirable passages; the sky is full of daylight, the leaves shake in the breeze and sparkle in the sun, and the rattling mill-stream rushes at full speed. Mr. Millais brings a keen, fresh eye to landscape; he seems to take a lively enjoyment in nature, and it is easy to recognize an unflinching endeavour to paint just what he sees. These pictures have somewhat of personal interest; they tell the views held of landscape art by the greatest of living figure painters.

Marine painting has changed greatly since the days of Clarkson Stanfield. Instead of Atlantic swells in mid ocean, we have small chopped seas breaking on the shore; and in place of men-of-war, now too unpicturesque for art purposes, we have small fishing craft. In the way of coast scenes, with high cliff, pebbly beach, and wet reflecting sands, there is no more thorough study than "Chalk and Firestone Rocks forming part of the Undercliff, Isle of Wight" (540), by Mr. Cooke, R.A. Also unsurpassed, especially for colour and for character, is Mr. Hook's "Gold of the Sea" (265). Among less known men may be named Mr. H. Macallum and Mr. Hunter; "Herring Trawlers" (899) by the latter is a vigorous, uncompromising study of stormy seas. But the grandest transcripts of tumultuous ocean once again come from Mr. Brett and Mr. Henry Moore. We have seldom, indeed, encountered a more dashing, crashing storm than Mr. Moore's "Winter Gale in the Channel" (933). The waves

have a grand sweep and swinging motion, and yet the forms are not lost in spray, nor are the large masses merged in small details. There is power in this wild strife of the elements. Mr. Brett treats similar subjects in a different style from Mr. Moore; he is a painter of phenomena, and his pictures are as literal as charts. In "White-sand Bay" (912) he again seizes on a striking atmospheric effect; the sun in mid sky gilds clouds which rise in mountainous masses above the horizon. Also "Anticipations of a Wild Night" (938) may be noted for wave drawing; wave within wave, light on the surface, light in the depth, colour reflected, and colour transmitted. Mr. Brett is one of the very few painters whose works bear a scientific test.

The Academy has again been severely criticized for errors in natural history. A year or two ago a florist complained in our hearing that Japanese chrysanthemums had been painted with the green leaves belonging to the ordinary varieties. And this year we are informed that Mr. Ansdell (364) has thrown birds into society that always fly in solitude, which is about the same as to turn a solitary hermit into a social monk. It is also pointed out that Mr. Hook (265) has painted a catch of fish which the boat in the offing could not have caught. It is likewise obvious that the Highlander in Mr. Millais's landscape is at least four times too large for the boat on the shore; he could only cross the ferry piecemeal, a leg at a time. It is one thing to contend that art should teach science, but it is wholly another matter to plead that art should contravene science; or, in other words, set at naught nature. At all events one point the Academy makes sufficiently clear—that while science advances, art is at a standstill. The Exhibition of the present year shows retrogression rather than progress. It is mediocre, and below the average.

THE GRAND PRIX AND ASCOT.

CREMORNE has followed up his Derby victory by carrying off the great Paris race in a canter. The field was but small, the Duke of Hamilton starting three out of the nine runners, and succeeding in obtaining the second place with Barbillion. The hopes of the French were centred on Berryer and Revigny; but the latter has done so much work already this season as to require a period of rest, and the former sadly disappointed his adherents. Reine, winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks, was a fair third, which in itself points to the moderate quality of those who finished behind her; for it is difficult to say what amount of weight would bring Cremorne and Reine together. In truth the task set for the Derby winner was of the easiest nature possible; and having borne the journey without misadventure, and arrived fit and well, the race was little more than a canter for him. He waited till a quarter of a mile from the winning-post, and directly he was allowed to come away, his superior speed made him clear in a moment of all his opponents, and pursuit being hopeless, he won at his leisure. Mr. Savile has now won the Grand Prix twice, his former victory being with The Ranger in 1863, the first year of the race. Since then the honours have been divided pretty equally between France and England, for Fervacques, who won in 1867, was always trained in England, and can scarcely be claimed as a French horse.

Ascot opened under every possible disadvantage of weather, rain falling almost incessantly throughout the first day. The arrangements and accommodation at Ascot are more suited to sunshine than to storm; but for those who braved the weather, the intrinsic excellence of the first day's racing—so far as it could be seen under the circumstances—was a sufficient reward. The Spagnoletti telegraph, we may add, was at last in successful operation; but the numbers are too small to be easily discernible from the Grand Stand and enclosure without the aid of a glass. The same remark applies to the numbers hoisted near the judge's chair. The course was naturally very heavy after the continued rains. Passing over the Trial Stakes, which attracted a large field of moderate horses, we come to the Queen's Stand Plate. The two-year-olds in this included Siluria (sister to Wenlock) and The Tester—presumably not far from the best two-year-old form at present shown; Drummond and Bertram were among the three-year-olds; and Digby Grand, Bauernfänger, and Vex did battle for the older horses. Unlike last year, when Chopette galloped away from her field, the two-year-olds never showed prominently in the race, which at the distance seemed at the mercy of Digby Grand, whom Fordham brought along close under the rails at the Stand side of the course, quite wide of the others. Bertram, however, though running rather ungenerously at the finish, just managed to get his head in front in the very last stride. Digby Grand was meeting Bertram on better terms than in the City and Suburban, where he conceded two stone and beat Mr. Barclay's horse by a length and a half; but the shorter course at Ascot probably suited Bertram better. He is a horse of fine speed, and, it will be remembered, was fourth in the Derby. But though it was said at the time that, but for a disappointment at Tattenham Corner, he would have finished nearer the leaders, we think his Ascot running shows that he could have no chance with Cremorne over a distance of ground. There was nothing very grand in getting fourth in the Derby this year, considering the ordinary quality of the majority of the runners. The distance in the Queen's Stand Plate was not far enough for Bauernfänger who, we are persuaded, is a far better horse over a mile or further than over a T.Y.C. course. Twice this year he has failed over short

courses, but the three races he has run over a mile and a mile and a quarter he has carried off with consummate ease.

The great event of the day, the Prince of Wales's Stakes, brought out eleven runners. For a few minutes Cremorne's number was also exhibited, but in consideration of his recent exertions, and in view of future engagements, it was taken down. As it turned out, he would infallibly have won, despite his penalty; but it was only fair to a good horse to give him a rest after his expedition to France. Queen's Messenger's 5 lbs. penalty raised his weight to 9 st. 1 lb.; Almoner had a 3 lbs. penalty; Khedive, Xanthus, and Lighthouse carried the standard weight of 8 st. 10 lbs., while Drumochter, Lord Gough, Louise Victoria, and Wenlock had the benefit of the full allowances, though in the case of Wenlock 2 lbs. extra were carried to obtain the services of Fordham. Winslow and Wolfhall, a dark son of Saverlake from the Fyfield stable, made up the field. On paper the race appeared a match between Queen's Messenger and Wenlock, and certainly it did not seem that either in the Two Thousand or the Derby Lord Falmouth's horse gave Lord Wilton's a 10 lbs. beating. It was certain, however, that the former could stay, while there were grave doubts whether the latter was adapted to a long course. A wonderful change had been effected in Khedive since April, when not only Chopette, but Drummond also, beat him off over the Rowley Mile. Then he was wholly unfit to run; but now there was not a better trained or more muscular horse among the eleven. Last year his best performance was running a dead heat with Madge Wildfire at Newmarket. At first sight such credentials do not appear very trustworthy; but it must be remembered that Madge Wildfire has gone all to pieces this year, and her running must not be taken at all into account. Drumochter is a powerful horse, with a fine stride, and acquitted himself very fairly in the race. The pace was very fair, considering the state of the ground, which, especially on the far side of the course, was particularly holding. At the turn into the straight it looked 100 to 1 against Queen's Messenger, who was quite shut out, and for whom French was vainly endeavouring to clear a way to the front. At length he pulled him round to the outside, but it seemed that, as in the Derby, it would scarcely be possible for him to make up the ground thereby lost. He was nearly abreast of Khedive and Drumochter, who were leading, opposite the Stand; and thenceforward answering every call made on him in the gamest manner possible, he gradually wore his two opponents down, and won a very good race by a neck from Lord Zetland's horse. Drumochter was third, Wenlock a bad fourth, and Louise Victoria, who showed good speed for a mile and a quarter, fifth. The race settled one question at any rate namely, about Wenlock's staying powers, and proved conclusively that he neither likes a hill nor a long course. Despite his great advantage in the weights, he was beaten much further by Queen's Messenger than in the Two Thousand or Derby; in fact, he was never formidable at any part of the race. Queen's Messenger, on the other hand, proved himself a real game, honest horse, though he is deficient in speed, is an awkward galloper, and is one of those animals who are always disappointed at turns, or shut in at critical moments. It is much better to bring such a horse wide round a turn and trust to his staying powers at the last than risk the consequences of attempting to get the inside place. Louise Victoria gave additional proof of the inferiority of the fillies this year to the colts, and the running of Almoner and Xanthus showed once more—though it has been made sufficiently clear already—that the Biennial form is not within a stone of the first, second, and third in the Two Thousand and Derby. Queen's Messenger's victory, and the attendant incidents of the race, make the St. Leger look an absolute certainty for him, but we shall never feel happy about him till we see him get safely round the last turn. Wenlock may run better on the flat course at Doncaster, but King Lud's running last Wednesday seemingly removes another opponent, whose Two Thousand running made him somewhat formidable. If Khedive continues to improve, as he has improved in the last two months, he will be a worthy representative of the most popular colours in the North of England.

The succeeding race, for the Gold Vase, set at rest another problem which has engaged the attention of racing men. Could Sterling, the best horse in the world, as he has been called, for whom ten thousand guineas have lately been offered and declined, stay two miles? There could not have been a more favourable opportunity for him to show his powers, for he had escaped all penalties, and was meeting his antagonists on equal terms. Nor were they a very magnificent lot, consisting, as they did, of Albert Victor, Corisande, Ringwood, Agility, Dutch Skater, and Alaric. Corisande, as we have seen, has had as little luck this season as most of Baron Rothschild's horses, and Albert Victor was beaten in a canter two months ago at Newmarket by so moderate a horse as Eole II. The remainder require no notice. The two months that have elapsed since the Craven Meeting have been employed as usefully for Albert Victor as for Khedive; and it was curious that in two successive races two horses should be brought out who were such a complete contrast to their former selves at their last public appearance. At Newmarket Albert Victor was a mass of flesh, and rolled about over the Cambridgeshire hill from want of condition. Last Tuesday his flesh—comparatively speaking—had disappeared, and he looked hard and full of muscle. The running was made by Alaric at his best pace, in case there should be a weak point in Sterling, and he held the lead for nearly a mile and a half. After rounding the last turn Sterling came on, side by side with Albert Victor, and was going so easily, in his usual grand

style, that the race seemed won. Opposite the Stand, however, Custance had to call on him for an increased effort, which the horse was totally unable to make, and Albert Victor drawing away at the same moment won easily by half a length. Nothing could be clearer than that Sterling was running out of his distance, for he had not the faintest struggle left in him in the last hundred yards. So far as regards Cup races we should imagine that Sterling's fate is settled, but he may still regain his fame as the best horse of the day at a mile or a mile and a quarter. We may well pass rapidly over the Ascot Stakes, once the greatest, now the most insignificant, race of the week, and contested on this occasion by nine horses, including two hurdle racers and one notorious cripple. Cantinière galloped away from His Grace for the Biennial, and then Baron Rothschild's ill-luck as nearly as possible pursued him to the end of the day, for in the Triennial Hannah only just succeeded in reaching Ripponden in the last few strides, and beating Mr. Savile's horse by a head.

On Wednesday the weather was favourable, and the racing, though wanting in the exciting features of the first day's sport, was sufficiently agreeable, though in one of the most popular and prettiest races of the year, the Royal Hunt Cup, there was a great falling off in the number of starters. Cremorne running against Malahide over a mile course at even weights had no occasion to hurry himself unnecessarily; but it was satisfactory to see that Mr. Savile's horse was fresh and well after his long journey. The second race was an equally easy affair for Prince Charlie, who over a five-furlong course disposed of Trombone and Siluria without much exertion. Cremorne, in consideration of his penalty, being withdrawn from the Ascot Derby, that race was left to Drumochter, King Lud, and Laburnum, at 8 st. 3 lbs. each, and Bustard, 8 st. 10 lbs. The third in the Prince of Wales's Stakes accomplished a very clever victory, Bustard and King Lud running a dead heat for second place, and the unfortunate Laburnum finishing last. Drumochter's victory is an additional recommendation to Queen's Messenger, while, if so moderate a horse as Bustard can give King Lud 7 lbs., Lord Zetland's horse cannot be good for much. The ancient Fervacques, who has experienced so many vicissitudes in his racing career, now a Grand Prix winner, now a hurdle racer, won the Visitors' Plate easily from Barmston, Wenlock's trial horse, and not nearly good enough to try a Derby horse. Then came the Hunt Cup, for which only nineteen started, speed being well represented by Hamlet, Oxonian, Anton, Fisherman, and Sir Robert Walpole. Among the remainder were Ripponden, Falkirk, Bonny Swell, Helmet, and Bordeaux. Curiously enough the selected favourite was Theodoros, an animal whose public performances have been despicable, and whose appearance is about equal to his performances. But he was the representative of a stable supposed to be invincible in races of this description, and that was sufficient. A four-year old, with 5 st. 9 lbs. on his back, he was never in the race, and might be at once advantageously promoted to the cab rank. It was surprising that Ripponden's high public trial with Hannah on the previous day should have escaped general attention. It was equivalent to putting Hannah in the Hunt Cup at 6 st. 12 lbs., and even if she is not so good now as last year, what pretensions has a wretched hack like Theodoros to beat her at a difference of little more than a stone? Anyhow the trial was the true clue to the race, and Ripponden won easily from Falkirk, Hamlet being third, and Sir Robert Walpole fourth. Paladin, by Fitzroland out of Queen Bertha (Queen's Messenger's dam), won the Triennial in such style as to be forthwith installed favourite for the Derby of 1873; and then Highland Lassie won the Coronation Stakes, beating Guadalupe and Chance, and making the form of the three-year-old fillies more confused than ever. The only thing to be said is that they are all so moderate that they cannot get out of one another's way.

This is a year of disaster for Baron Rothschild, as much as last year was of triumph for him. His great champion, Favonius, was beaten for the much-prized Gold Cup by Henry, and thus in two days not only have Sterling and Favonius, whom we had regarded as an almost invincible pair, experienced mortifying defeats, but a French-bred horse has once more beaten in fair fight the pride of the English thoroughbreds. Henry, it will be remembered, won the Newmarket Derby last autumn, disposing of Bothwell, Digby Grand, and Cleveland with great ease. Afterwards he was made a great favourite for the Cambridgeshire, but the course did not suit him, and he never showed in the race. He is by Monarque out of Miss Ion. It is curious that just after ten thousand guineas have been offered for Sterling and twelve thousand for Favonius, they should both be beaten, and M. Lefevre must be pleased to find that he has better horses in his own stable than any he can buy, even at fabulous prices.

REVIEWS.

ORISSA.*

"THIS book endeavours to delineate the inner life of an Indian province." The words in which Mr. Hunter describes the scope of the new instalment of his *Annals of Rural Bengal* describe also the special value which his work will have for

English readers. They need to have the vastness and complexity of their great dependency brought home to them in a way in which no general history, however comprehensive, can do this. They have to realize that each Indian province has had its own revolutions—physical, religious, and historical; that these revolutions have borne no other resemblance to one another than that general resemblance which exists between the histories of England, Germany, and Spain; that in dealing with the inhabitants of India they are dealing with people differing from one another in race, in religion, in moral and physical antecedents, more completely than the inhabitants of the least related countries of Europe. Nothing but the detailed history of each of the separate countries which make up that India which they think it so easy to govern can force an entrance for these facts into their brains. Mr. Hunter's work is admirably suited to supply this want. He writes with great knowledge, great sympathy with the Indian people, a keen and quick appreciation of all that is striking and romantic in their history and character, and with a flowing and picturesque style which carries the reader lightly over ground which in less skilful hands might seem tedious beyond endurance.

Orissa is best known to Englishmen in connexion with the terrible famines by which it has from time to time been visited. They come from two sources—floods and drought; flood, as a rule, being the worse enemy of the two, but not producing the utter and terrible misery which is caused by drought on a great scale. The local rainfall of 62½ inches is an adequate water supply for the rice crop which is the staple of Orissa; but when the rain fails, the whole available water supply of the district goes, and "nothing remains for the people but to die." In 1770 ten millions died of starvation, and in 1866, even with all the increased facilities of communication, 750,000 persons died from the same cause. Yet at a different period of each of these years of drought Orissa had more water than it knew what to do with. Three great rivers, laden with the accumulated waters of 57,000 square miles of territory, descend into the plain within thirty miles of each other. Their currents, suddenly checked by the change from the tableland, break up into a hundred branches, which after struggling by innumerable interlacings and bifurcations towards the coast, reunite for the most part with one or other of the parent channels as they approach the sea. Vast quantities of silt are brought down suspended in the water, and as the stream becomes more sluggish this is deposited partly in the bed of the river, partly on its banks. In this way the bed and bank rise together until the river runs at a higher level than that of the surrounding country, and moreover runs in a channel which by constant accumulation of sand is constantly becoming more unable to hold the water with which it is occasionally charged. The Mahānadi sends down when in full flood 1,800,000 cubic feet of water per second, of which only about 900,000 cubic feet can find an outlet through its channels to the sea. Half of the torrent is left to burst over the banks and to distribute itself over the surrounding country. During the fifteen years ending in 1866 there was only one in which it was not necessary to grant remissions of revenue on this score. In 1866, in the single district of Purī, one-ninth of the entire surface was under water from five to forty-five days. The floods were nowhere less than three feet deep, while in whole villages they were ten feet deep:—

Thousands of miserable families floated about in canoes, on bamboo rafts, on trunks of trees, or on rice stacks, which threatened every moment to dissolve into fragments beneath them. No lives were lost in the first rush of the waters, for the unhappy inhabitants of these regions knew but too well from previous experience what they had to expect, and live in a constant preparation for calamity. Most of the hamlets have boats tied to the houses; and for miles the high thatched roofs are firmly held down by bamboo stakes, so as to afford a refuge in time of flood. Starving colonies might be seen thus perched above the waters. Every banyan-tree had its roofing of human beings, whilst the Brahmins effected settlements on the roofs of their brick temples and looked down in safety as the floods roared past. The common danger disarmed all creatures of their natural antipathies. Snakes glided up the roofs, and burrowed harmlessly in the thatch. Others, less fortunate, wriggled up trees, and whenever a canoe or a log of wood passed, slid down into the water and swam along the surface with head erect towards the ark which their instinct told them would bear them to dry land. From the first the cattle suffered terribly. Sheep and goats were carried away by herds in the torrent, and in a few days their carcasses came to the surface and floated about covered with crows and scuffling kites. But the most pitiable sight of all was the plough cattle standing in shallow parts up to their necks, and hungrily snapping the barren waters for food until they sank exhausted into the slime. During the first days of the flood every branch, or twig, or bundle of hay was covered with ants, beetles, lizards, and a hundred forms of minute life. By degrees starvation did its work, and the wearied antennæ relaxed their hold. Before the thirty days were over many a famished family had also sunk beneath the waters.

Until now the only attempt made at preventing these disasters has been by artificially raising the banks of the rivers. This system is still in force, but continual failures have greatly discredited it. To supplement it a system of canals has been constructed. Three vast weirs, one of them a mile and a quarter long, have been thrown across the three channels into which the Mahānadi divides when it issues from the mountains. From the reservoirs thus formed four canals stretch in various directions across the delta, forming trade routes to the sea or to the Hooghly river, and irrigating enormous tracts of land. These canals benefit the province in three ways. They control the supply of water in the rainy season; they husband it for use in the season of drought; and they serve as channels along which food can be brought from without if a famine comes after all. The great difficulty that now confronts the Indian Government is how these canals are to be paid for. The Indian peasant will not buy the

* Orissa. By W. W. Hunter. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

water which is thus brought to his door until famine is actually upon him. "Then indeed a rush is made upon the canals, and thousands of acres are irrigated from them." But during the intervening years in which the rainfall has been sufficient the canal has paid no interest on the capital invested in it, and the Government has been forced to raise it, together with the cost of maintaining the canal, by some new and unpopular tax. Indian statesmen are divided as to the best means of meeting this state of things. One section, headed by the late Viceroy, is in favour of a compulsory water-rate—to be levied, however, only in places where there is an ascertained rise in the cultivator's profits after paying the irrigation-rate. The other section, headed by Lord Napier of Magdala, holds that a compulsory water-rate would defeat itself, by making canals and irrigation works unpopular. This latter argument seems, we confess, to depreciate unduly the intelligence of the Indian peasant. If he were asked to pay for the improvement of the province generally, or for the construction of public works the effect of which he could not foresee, it might be reasonable to assume that he would be unwilling. But in this case he is asked to pay for works the utility of which in time of drought he already perceives, and the utility of which at all times is capable of being proved to him by plain figures and actual examples.

A water-rate is not the only tax about the application of which to Orissa great differences of opinion exist. The Government duty on salt in Bengal, including Orissa, is nearly double what it is in the adjoining Presidency of Madras. Some Indian physicians object to this tax altogether, as tending to reduce the consumption of salt below the amount which the health of the population requires. Mr. Hunter has carefully examined the statistics adduced in support of this theory, and his conclusion is that, even at the present rate of taxation, "the general population of Orissa can afford to use as much salt as keeps the criminal classes in good health under the unfavourable conditions of prison life." There seems no reason, therefore, for reducing the salt-tax in Orissa. But there is one very sufficient reason against levying different duties on the same article in Orissa and in Madras. The Mahanadi is the natural channel through which the rice, grain, cotton, and other rural products of Central India should be sent down to the coast to be exchanged for salt:—

But the salt duty of Bengal and Orissa so greatly exceeds the rate in Madras, that the peasantry of inner India find it cheaper to send their goods by a long and costly land route to the Madras district of Ganjam than to float them down the Mahanadi to Cattaek on the Orissa side of the Customs line.

It is as if we had thrown a wall across one of the finest trade routes in the world. Our salt duty practically blockades the Mahanadi just as effectually as if we had filled it up with rocks.

Either, therefore, the Madras rate ought to be raised, or the Orissa rate ought to be lowered. The fact that the people of Orissa—as poor a population as any in India—can afford to use all the salt they really want while it is taxed at the highest rate, lends Mr. Hunter to pronounce in favour of the former course. It would, he argues, immensely increase the Imperial revenue, involve no new machinery for collection, decrease Indian expenditure by enabling the Government to do away in part with the internal Customs lines, and restore to Orissa its sole source of commerce—the trade of Central India. With this increase there should, Mr. Hunter suggests, be coupled a provision for remitting the duty on salt used to cure fish. The peasantry of Orissa consume great quantities of fish imperfectly dried in the sun, and more or less rotten. The decomposing mass is stored up in baskets, and sparingly doled out to the household as the only dish they can afford to their monotonous rice diet. Were it not for the high price of salt, this relish, made wholesome as regards quality and immeasurably increased in quantity, would become the staple food of the province. The estuaries of the great Orissa delta yield an endless supply of fish; all that is wanting to give the people a great additional security against famine is the means by which this fish may be kept for eating throughout the year.

The most striking part of the *Annals of Rural Bengal* was the description of the Santals, the aboriginal population of Beerbhoom. The second volume of Mr. Hunter's new work contains a scarcely less interesting account of the Kandhs, the aboriginal race of the hill country of Orissa. Kandh society depends on two principles—family and election. In each family the absolute authority rests with the father. The sons have no property during their father's lifetime, and "all the male children, with their wives and descendants, continue to share the father's meal, prepared by the common mother." These families are united in common villages, and also in septs and tribes. The sept and the tribe are alike governed by a patriarch, who represents the common ancestor, and the eldest son of the patriarchal family has a natural title to the post. If, however, he is considered unfit for it, he is silently passed over, as though by family arrangement, and a brother or an uncle is taken in his room. The Kandh patriarch

receives no pay, nor any official privileges other than the respect and veneration which belong to him as leader, father, and priest. He is simply the head of a family of which every member is of equal rank—the first amongst equals. He is in no respect raised above the community, whose interests, associations, traditions, and manner of life he shares. No one ministers to his wants. He has no trace of state, however rude; no separate residence or stronghold; no retainers; no property save his ancestral fields, by the cultivation of which he lives. He receives neither tribute nor aid, save perhaps an occasional harvest offering of goodwill. The enjoyment of the place of dignity at every public and private festival may be reckoned, as in the case of the Homeric King, the most valuable, as it is amongst the most agreeable, incidents of his situation.

The Kandh territory is held by priority of occupation on the

part of the family and priority of cultivation on the part of the individual, and passes from vendor to purchaser by the symbolical delivery of a handful of the earth. Suits as to the right to land are determined by judicial ordeal. A lump of the disputed soil or rice, steeped in the blood of a sheep killed in the name of the Earth God, will kill the perjured eater. An oath upon a tiger's skin condemns the false swearer to be slain by a tiger. The Kandh religion is a strange compound of aboriginal and Hindu rites. They have adopted the worship of Kalf, the wife of Siva, as being the side of Hindu worship that best falls in with a religion which is exclusively one of terror. The Earth God, the chief of the native deities, could only be turned from his constant hostility to man by human sacrifices. Twice a year each tribe or village made its solemn offering of deprecation and sprinkled itself with the blood of the victims. In all times of public calamity additional sacrifices were demanded, and any special family disaster was commemorated in the same way. The victims were provided by one of the low castes attached to the Kandh villages, whose business it was to buy up or kidnap children from the Hindus of the plain. This was the character of their religion down to 1836. In that year the tribes passed under the care of the English Government, and the system of human sacrifices was at once attacked. Its extinction is due to a young English officer, Lieutenant Macpherson, and the means employed by him were the exhibition of the British Government in the light of an authority supplying certain admitted wants and exacting certain concessions in return. "The voluntary and permanent acknowledgment of our sovereignty by these rude societies," he said, "must depend upon our ability to discharge beneficially and acceptably towards them some portions of the duty of sovereignty." Each Kandh tribe submitted with absolute content to the patriarchal authority, but there was no power capable of arbitrating between different tribes; and this power, which centuries of feuds had taught the Kandhs the want of, though they had not taught them how to supply it, was furnished by their new rulers. A special agent was appointed for dealing with the Kandhs, who "confines himself to putting a stop to blood feuds, adjusting dangerous disputes likely to lead to them, and taking cognizance of any heinous crimes." When Lieutenant Macpherson had thus established the British authority "on a basis of mutual goodwill," he took in hand the system of human sacrifices. He left the Kandhs themselves alone, and addressed himself exclusively to the arrangements by which the victims were obtained. In a few years the supply was absolutely at an end. The low caste men who kidnapped or bought them for their masters had no religious motive in obtaining them, and any other motive, whether of interest or obedience, was overpowered by the fear of consequences. Lieutenant Macpherson's Report on the Kandhs, now thirty years old, still remains the great source of information as to their primitive state. It is to be regretted that Mr. Hunter has not told us more of their present condition. Especially it would be interesting to know what change has passed over their religious ideas since the abolition of human sacrifices. It is hard to conceive the position of a man profoundly believing in a God who can only be appeased by a particular kind of offering, and yet prevented from obtaining it. Has anything in the nature of a new revelation been resorted to in order to adapt the demands of the Earth God to the restricted powers of his servants? Or is the Earth God less esteemed since he has allowed his worship to be mulcted of its chief rite? Or have the efforts of the British Government, by making nature less hostile to man, diminished the dread of natural calamities in which the worship of the Earth God had its root? Or is the hold which a religion of pure terror has upon a people simply one of custom, which relaxes as soon as anything comes in to interrupt the immemorial tradition? These are all questions of the highest theological interest, and we wish that Mr. Hunter had helped us to answer them. We have only touched as yet on what may be called the practical and modern side of Orissa. The antiquarian side, including the remarkable religious history of the province, must be reserved for another notice.

PALMER'S GREAT YARMOUTH.

YARMOUTH has been fortunate in her local antiquaries, from Manship down to Dawson Turner; and Mr. Palmer, to judge from the book before us, is in carefulness and accuracy of research fully equal to the best of his predecessors. Of the two fields of inquiry which an English town presents he has chosen, indeed, the humbler and less pretending one. The constitutional history of our boroughs still for the most part awaits its historian, for even the stirring municipal revolutions of London have not as yet found any one to do for them what Thierry did for those of Amiens or Laon. In the case of Yarmouth the attraction of the story is undoubtedly very great. It presents almost a unique instance of what is common enough abroad—the town dependent on another town. The relation of the Cinque Ports to their subject municipalities on the Southern coast was almost exactly equivalent to that of the Hanseatic League towards the dependent ports along the coast of North Germany, but their control over Yarmouth had the peculiarity of being exercised only during a limited period of the year. Throughout the whole time of its great

• *The Perilousness of Great Yarmouth, with Corlestone and Southtown.* By Charles John Palmer, F.S.A. Vol. I. Great Yarmouth: George Nall. 1872.

herring-fair, from Michaelmas to Martinmas, the higher justice of the town remained in the hands of two of the Cinque Ports Barons; and even after the Charter of King John had conferred on Yarmouth the full privileges of self-government, the only concession which could be wrested from the great merchant league of the South was that the town-bailiffs should be joined with its own in the exercise of their oppressive jurisdiction. Struggle followed struggle, and on one occasion a bailiff of the Cinque Ports was killed in the streets of Yarmouth, but it was not till the time of the Great Rebellion that the yoke was finally shaken off. Edward Owner, who plays the most conspicuous part in its history during the Civil Wars, seems to have been the leader in this effort of municipal patriotism; he was accused before the Earl Marshal, on the very verge of the greater national struggle, of having received the bailiffs with "insolency," and "infringed their rights and privileges in place and precedence," and he was no doubt the instigator of the refusal of Yarmouth to contribute to the annual compensation for their expenses. Perhaps the only parallel to so late a struggle for municipal freedom is to be found in the effort made by both Oxford and Cambridge at the opening of the Civil War to shake off the supremacy of their Universities; but while this effort failed, that of Yarmouth was rewarded with success, for we find no record of any visit from the officers of the Cinque Ports after 1662. Nor is it only in its outer history that Yarmouth recalls the Hanse Towns. The source of its mercantile prosperity was the same as that of the great German League. The weavers of Flanders seem to have made a settlement in the town during the reign of Henry I., but its real prosperity dates from the moment when it took to herring-curing. There is a touch of the mythical in the alleged origin of the famous "Yarmouth Bloater." "At a time," Nash tells us in his *Lenten Stuff*, "when chimneys were not and when coal was unknown, a fire of wood was placed in the centre of the principal room of the house, and the smoke was allowed to escape through the roof, a fisherman who had hung up several rows of fresh herrings, and forgotten to take them down for some time, found them, when he did so, of a golden colour, and the meat deliciously cured." There is in Nash's tale a smack of Charles Lamb and his account of the discovery of roast pig; but, whatever the origin of it, the process of curing remained confined to Yarmouth for many centuries, and its great herring-fair drew dealers not only from England, but from France and the Low Countries. The port seems to have attained its greatest importance in the fourteenth century, when it furnished Edward III. with a larger number of vessels and mariners than any other single town along his coasts. But even two hundred years later the commercial features of Yarmouth are described in a striking passage from a contemporary pamphlet by Tobias Gentleman on English trade:—

Hither, he says, "do resort all the fishermen of the Cinque Ports, and all the rest of the west countrymen of England, as far as Bridport and Lyme in Dorsetshire; and these herrings that they take they do not barrel because their boats are but small things, but sell all unto the Yarmouth herring buyers for ready money; and also the fishermen of the north countries beyond Scarborough and Robin Hood's Bay, and some as far as the Bishoprick of Durham, do hither resort yearly, in poor little boats called five-men cibles; and all the herrings that they take, they sell fresh unto the Yarmouth men to make red herrings. Also to Yarmouth do daily come into the haven up to the key, all or most part of the great fleet of Hollanders, that go in sword-pinks, Holland-toads, crab-skuits, walnut-shells, and great and small yeares, one hundred and two hundred sail at a time; and all the herrings that they do bring in, they sell for ready money to the Yarmouth men; and also the Frenchmen of Picardy and Normandy, some hundred sail of them at a time do come hither, and all the herrings they catch they sell fresh unto the Yarmouth herring-mongers for ready gold; so that it amounteth unto a great sum of money that the Hollanders and Frenchmen do carry away yearly from Yarmouth into France and Holland;" and he complains that the Hollanders, not content with taking the fish when quick, take them again when dead, for when the Yarmouth buyers had converted the catch into red herrings, they again stepped in and conveyed them to Civita Vecchia, Leghorn, Genoa, Marseilles, Toulon, and other places.

"In all His Majesty's dominions," adds the writer, "there is not any town comparable to it for house buildings." It is curious that the eulogy seems to have been deserved for some time longer, and that, in spite of its narrow rows and gridiron ground-plan, Yarmouth at the opening of the Georgian era was still looked up to as pre-eminent in beauty among its commercial rivals.

With such matters, however, Mr. Palmer meddles little. The field which he has chosen is one of less general interest, though of great local value; he wanders, in fact, up and down the various streets of the town, noting the past history of almost every house, and registering the past fortunes of their successive inhabitants. The mass of information which he has accumulated in this way, immense as it is, is a little burdensome to the general reader; but there are some leading facts which at once strike one in wading through it. One is, the importance of the great civic functions of towns like these. In a rough way we are in the habit of setting town against country, and of identifying the democratic principle with the one and the oligarchic with the other. But, whatever truth such a contrast may possess nowadays, there is only one short period in the past history of our English boroughs up to 1832 in which it possesses any truth at all. The period of the communal revolution, which was in fact only one phase of the great movement towards progress and liberty which found its representative in Simon de Montfort, is the only break in the oligarchic character of our municipal institutions. The merchant Guild which preceded it was in fact reproduced in the civic Corporations and Common Councils which followed it. Till the Municipal Reform Act, in fact, the government of English boroughs rested wholly in

the hands of a knot of wealthy families, by whom the municipal property was distributed for the benefit of the freemen. It is curious how little research has been expended on these great civic houses, and how generally their very existence is forgotten. In Oxford, for instance, the wisdom of the civic authorities has within living memory swept away the name of "Pennyfarthing Street" as ridiculous and vulgar, and replaced it by that of "Pembroke," from the adjacent College. But the older name was really that of an illustrious city family, the Penyerthings, whose memory was preserved by it, as that of another family of the same eminence is still preserved in the "Peckwater" Quadrangle of Christchurch. Mr. Palmer has at any rate made blunders of sheer ignorance in such matters nearly impossible in Yarmouth. The Cubitts are a good instance of the industry with which he has traced the fortunes of a family which still remains essentially of the commercial class. As early as the fourteenth century we find a Cubitt joining the insurgents in the great communal rising which bears in common history the name of Wat Tyler. Throughout the hundred years which follow, the family seems to have held a certain ecclesiastical rank, and not only to have given vicars to a good many Norfolk livings, but even an abbot to the great monastery of St. Benet at Holme. About the time of the Reformation a branch of it seems to have been settled in Yarmouth, and to have given bailiffs to the town under Elizabeth. From this moment the name is constantly found in the records of the Corporation, and John Cubitt seems to have played a conspicuous part among his fellow-townsmen during the Great Rebellion. He was probably a Royalist, as we find him appointed to assess ship-money in two of the wards, and at a later period dismissed from office for "having removed his habitation out of the town," which was then strongly Parliamentary, for a whole year, so as to escape his share in the common burdens. The connexion of another great mercantile house, that of the Gurneys, with Yarmouth, is of a weaker kind, though one of the name bears in some pedigrees the name of "Baro de Yarmouth," and the family seems to have had for a time the castle in its hands. A name, however, of far wider notoriety illustrates in a very remarkable way the character of these local oligarchies, and the ease with which the absence of any such marked distinction between the two classes as prevailed in the feudalised countries of the Continent enabled the merchant to become the country gentleman, or the country gentleman the merchant. A Fastolf or Falstaff was Bailiff of Yarmouth in 1281, another is among the first of its representatives in Parliament, and from that time members of the family filled the highest municipal offices. John Fastolf, a man of considerable account in the town, purchased lands at the close of the fourteenth century in Caistor, and became the father of Sir John Fastolf, who, after a distinguished military career, was luckless enough to give his name to Shakespeare's famous character. In Yarmouth, however, he was better known as a benefactor to the great church of St. Nicholas. "A chasuble of cloth of gold and eleven tunics" were a gift which must have endeared the memory of the worthy knight to the medieval devotees of his native town.

In a book of this kind nothing is more curious than to see the little glimpses of life which peep out through the antiquarian details of its pages. Among the Yarmouth families, for instance, we find the ancestors of the present Lord Dudley and Ward, a house whose origin adds a new story to the romance of the peerage. A younger son of the house, who had settled under the first of the Stuarts as a goldsmith in Cheapside, founded its greatness by purchasing for a song the contents of two sacks of rough diamonds:—

Standing one day at his shop door, as was then the custom, he asked a sailor who was staring at the display of jewelry, whether he wanted to purchase anything, to which the man replied he did, but must first sell what he had in his bag. Being invited into the back shop the sailor astonished Ward by pouring out a number of rough diamonds. A bargain was soon struck, and Ward invited the sailor and some of his messmates to supper at a tavern, where they were all very merry; and before parting the sailor promised to bring another bag of similar stones the next morning, which he did and parted with them on the same easy terms. Ward then became a money lender and was resorted to, among others, by Lord Dudley, who had greatly impaired his fortune. The jeweller suggested that his lordship might be accommodated without loss, by a match between the lender's son, Humble Ward (named after his maternal grandfather, Richard Humble of Surrey), and the granddaughter and sole heir of Lord Dudley. The marriage was arranged and the jeweller's son became the husband of Frances, daughter and sole heir of Sir Fernando Sutton, who on the death of her grandfather became Baroness Dudley in her own right; and her husband was created by Charles I. Baron Ward, and he was the ancestor of the Lords Dudley and Ward.

A curious trace of the tenacity of mediæval life is seen in the "hallooing of largesse," which lasted long after the beginning of the present century. After harvest-time the farm-labourers of the neighbourhood came into the town, asking for gratuities from the tradesmen of their employers. The present was rewarded by "hallooing largesse." A circle was formed in front of the house, the men taking hands and shouting, at a given signal, "Largesse!" as loudly as they could, raising at the same time their hands in the air at each shout. Side by side with this relic of the middle ages we may place the odd account of the introduction of Methodism into Yarmouth. Olivers—was this the famous poet of the movement?—was the first missionary who attempted its introduction, and his attempts were rudely repulsed. "When he left the house in which he had taken refuge, he found women ranged at the doors on each side holding basons, the contents of which, not very clean, were dashed at him as he passed." Howell

Harris was more successful. He appeared in Yarmouth as a captain of Welsh Fusiliers, till chance turned him into a member of the church militant:—

On his arrival he enquired what had been done to introduce methodism, and was informed of the ill-treatment which Olivers had received. Harris adopted the following device to obtain a hearing. He employed the town crier to give notice that at a particular hour a methodist would preach in the Market place. At the time named a savage mob assembled, armed with bludgeons and brick bats, who swore if the preacher appeared he should never leave the town alive. Harris, who was then exercising his men at a short distance, after dismissing them, mingled with the crowd and enquired the reason for such an assemblage. He was told that a methodist preacher had been expected, and that it was well he had not come, as he would certainly have been killed. Harris told them that by their leave he would address them himself, and a table having been procured, he mounted upon it, attired as he was in regimentals, and so astonished his hearers by the novelty of the exhibition, and so softened them by his eloquence, that they were induced to listen, and he was allowed to finish his discourse without molestation.

A very different arrival in Yarmouth furnishes a good story of Lord Nelson. A storm met him on his landing, but the danger failed to prevent his appearance on the quay. When the freeman's oath was tendered to him, the town-clerk noticed that the hero placed his left hand on the book. Shocked at the legal impropriety he said, "Your right hand, my Lord." "That," observed Nelson, "is at Tenerife." From these later details we may turn back to earlier times. Some of the Reformation stories give us the "rough side" of the event. In 1535, for instance,

Whilst Sir Cotton, a priest, was preaching a sermon in the parish church, William Swanton, a chaplain, openly denounced the practices of Rome, maintaining that no honour should be given to saints, or to the pictures or images of them within the church; that a Christian man profited nothing by praying for their intercession; and ended by saying that holy water was "good sauce for a capon." He was supported by twenty-four persons, and a great tumult took place. Six years afterwards four merchants openly derided the elevation of the Host, speaking "heretical words;" and Thomas Hammond, a fish-merchant, bargained with one Thomas Alleyn for the sale of a last of white herrings, within the church during divine service. These disorders called for suppression, and the offenders were fined; and the corporation made an order that whoever thereafter disturbed or "disquieted" any preacher, "should be committed to ward, there to remain at the discretion of the bailiffs."

Recent investigators into the "vestment" question may find some interest in one Richard Bohun, a churchwarden in the time of Edward VI., whom we find selling "so moche churche plate as extended to the sum and value of one hundred marks"; which money was spent on the haven, but he was enjoined not to sell any more plate, jewels, ornaments, or bells, "the like of which could never be replaced." We should greatly like to know what became of Falstaff's chasuble and tunics? A mass of curious information has been accumulated by Mr. Palmer on the subject of inn signs, but of no specially local character. On the whole the book is a worthy and accurate one. We notice with some surprise an odd "Earl Guert," as Harold's brother, and another Gundor as "a Saxon Earl," which is certainly the unluckiest of blunders. Mr. Palmer, too, evidently believes in one of his notes that inns as places of public entertainment sprang from the dissolution of the monasteries. We are afraid that Chaucer's pilgrims started from the "Tabard" some little time before that event, whenever it occurred. These, however, are trifles in so great a mass of facts, and we have only to hope that Mr. Palmer will complete the work which he has begun.

OVER VOLCANOES.*

OVER VOLCANOES is one of those titles against which, as we see them advertised among the publishers' announcements, or in the lending-library list of new works, or on the backs of volumes at the bookseller's, we feel a certain inexplicable prejudice. The title is to a book very much what expression is to a man, and titles admit of almost exactly the same classification. There are weak and fatuous titles, and insufferably conceited titles, and pompous titles, and priggish titles, and sly titles, and grinning titles, and simpering titles. In fact, we believe there is hardly an expression of which the human countenance is capable the analogue of which may not be observed on the shelves of a circulating library. As in the one case, so in the other, we are apt to fancy that the outward and visible sign is an index to character; and indeed there is always a certain relation between the two. But the relation is often a very subtle one, and books as well as men will frequently turn out upon acquaintance to be something very different from what we had settled in our own minds that they must of necessity be. The "Doctor Fell" kind of antipathy, too, may be inspired by the name of a book quite as well as by the expression of a countenance; there are titles which, you cannot tell why, set you against the book that bears them. We have to confess to some such feeling about *Over Volcanoes*. What it is that is objectionable in that title we cannot say. Perhaps it may be that there is in it a suspicious flavour of what, for want of a better term, we may call Muddleism—that somewhat catchpenny quality which seems to be inherent in all lending-library literature, or a *souçon* of that forcible-feeble suggestiveness with which some writers try to elbow themselves into a front place in hope of catching the public eye.

Of course our objection matters very little—there was no

thought of pleasing us when the book was christened; but we feel bound to own it, because it is one which possibly some of our readers may share, and we must confess that it is unjust to the work. The title, if it does savour of affectation, is the only thing about the volume that does so. What the author means by it is that he and his friends travelled through France and Spain at a critical time, just before the commencement of the reign of the Commune, and shortly after the assassination of Prim and the arrival of King Amadeo at Madrid. But, for that matter, so far as Spain is concerned, the title would have been equally applicable at any time since the death of Narvaez. The party, or to give it the title always claimed in these pages, "the Firm," consisting of the Senior partner, the Cashier, and Mr. Kingsman, the Junior partner and author, travelled over no ground that has not been written about some scores of times, and they have the rare grace always to bear that fact in mind, and to spare the reader the usual descriptions, more or less expanded from the guide-book, of the quays of Bordeaux, the mosque of Cordova, the Alhambra, and the Escorial. As their own honest declaration sets forth, "Stevens and Co. do not deal in secondhand goods; in other words, they do not describe places which previous writers have made their own." So rigidly is this rule adhered to, that the Junior, after having written a very respectable page about Valencia in the style of the ordinary book of travels, is ordered peremptorily by the Senior partner to stop, on the ground that "Murray has probably printed the same before, and a great deal more, in a better style." The chapter which the head of the Firm suggests as a substitute is composed on a plan which we heartily recommend to tourists about to write their travels. If they must make a book and thrust it upon a public that has never asked for it, let them at least make it a book that will be of some little use; and this they may do if, as the Senior points out, they bethink themselves of the sort of information they required before leaving home but could not find anywhere, and print that instead of matter which is as much within their readers' reach as it was within theirs. In the specimen chapter given here we have, for example, a page inserted from the Spanish railway time-table, and its terminology explained in a conversation, after which follows a genuine hotel bill, treated in the same way, then a sample of the Valencian dialect with a translation, the whole winding up with a few short notes on matters to which the writer thinks it worth while to call the attention of intending travellers. An entire book constructed on this plan might be somewhat deficient in interest, but a chapter or so would be, we are inclined to think, a welcome addition to the ordinary book of travels, at any rate a welcome exchange for some of the padding with which those books are so often swelled out. But then due care should be bestowed upon the composition, and the specimens should be judiciously selected. We cannot say that the Senior has done this in the chapter before us. Why, for instance, if he wished to give the reader a fair idea of the cost of hotel-living in Spain (which, we gather, was his object in printing an hotel bill in full), did he choose such a bill as the one he has given? There is, we believe, only one hotel in Spain—there are certainly not more than two—capable of making such a charge, and from internal evidence it would seem that "the Firm" sojourned at the one we mean; but as the Senior abstains from mentioning names, we shall follow his example. In Spanish hotels, as the reader probably is aware, a fixed rate per diem is charged for board and lodging. In the first-class hotels in the chief cities the regular rate is 40 reals, or 8s. 4d.; in the smaller towns and second-rate houses, 30 reals, or 6s. 3d., and often even less. But to judge by the document before us, "Stevens and Co." in this instance paid at the rate of 80 reals, or 16s. 8d., per head per diem—a figure calculated to convey a very erroneous impression of the traveller's average daily expenses in Spain, and by no means "the sort of thing," to use the Senior's own expression, "to give strangers a good idea of the country." He would have served the purpose he had in view far better if he had made his partner insert the bill of one of the more typical and more unpretending inns, like the Alameda at Malaga, which Mr. Kingsman praises so much for comfort and cheapness, or the capital Fonda del Norte at Burgos, or the Fonda de Lino at Toledo, or the Miranda at the Escorial, to which we are glad to see justice done in these pages.

The main portion of the book is quite as unconventional as this, and just as unlike the kind of article which the irrepressible tourist so frequently produces after he has been restored to the bosom of his family. It is pleasant, unaffected, and chatty, being indeed chiefly composed of the conversations of the members of the Firm as they discuss the *Cosas de España* sitting in the railway carriage or strolling about the towns. This mode of treatment gives it a sort of easy "Friends-in-Council" flavour, which suits the record of a rapid tour over a beaten track much better than the descriptive monologue of the ordinary book of travels. In one of these railway conversations the Senior takes up his parable against the Guardia Civil, "those policemen," as he calls them, and inveighs against the folly of the Spaniards in spending so much money upon such a force. To which the Cashier very sensibly replies, that whatever may be the errors and extravagance of the Spanish Government, the keeping up of the Guardia Civil is certainly not one of them, for without that corps there would be very little order or security for life or property in Spain. Why, he says, "if the railway were not watched, the carriages would soon be thrown off the line, and the passengers pillaged." We mention this conversation because there was

* *Over Volcanoes*; or, *Through France and Spain in 1871*. By A. Kingsman. London. King & Co. 1872.

something almost prophetic about it. It took place only a few stations south of the spot where, the other day, the carriages were thrown off the line, and the train pillaged, though the passengers' effects seem to have escaped. The affair—in which it may be remembered two men of this Guardia Civil behaved with remarkable gallantry—affords strong proof that the ubiquity and watchfulness of the force are neither so excessive nor so uncalled for as the Senior considered them to be. Indeed it may be doubted whether Spain would not be much the better for a larger Guardia Civil and a smaller army. Scattered as it is in small detachments all over the country, and composed almost exclusively of steady old soldiers, it is far less available than the regular army for the purpose of those military pronunciamientos which have been for years past the curse of Spain; while, from the local knowledge of the men, it is far more useful for putting down Carlist or Republican insurrection. One of the few faults we have to find with the author, or perhaps we ought to say with the Firm whose bookkeeper he is, is one which he shares with the great bulk of foreigners in Spain. Indeed, even that great and wise being, the "Own Correspondent" of the newspapers, is not wholly free from it. We mean the weakness, we will not say of believing, but of lending an ear to, that peculiar sort of political scandal with which the atmosphere of Spain is always highly charged. There is no gobemouche in the world like the Spanish gobemouche. His appetite and swallow are prodigious. Whether it is his fervid Southern temperament, or his ingrained credulity and love of the marvellous, or the infinite subdivision of parties separated more by mutual hatred than by difference of opinion, or an utter disbelief—for which indeed it is hard to blame him—in the existence of such a thing as political morality; whatever may be the cause, there is no tale about an opponent so monstrous that a Spanish politician will not swallow it greedily. We who in our cold Northern way seldom go beyond accusing our statesmen of stupidity, or obstinacy, or weakness in yielding to pressure, or, at the worst, of lavish expenditure or cheese-paring economy, have but a faint idea of the sort of charges current in party warfare in Spain. The character of Napoleon III. as painted by a Victor Hugo or a Henri Rochefort is as the driven snow compared with that of any leading man in Spain when handled by one of the faction opposed to him. Here is a specimen of the sort of thing one hears in Spain:—

"Many people," replied the Junior, "will tell you that Serrano, so far from loving Prim, hired those Toledo ruffians who assassinated him; and they argue that so many men could not have been engaged in such a plot, and have executed it at such a place and time, unless with the connivance of the very highest powers; and it is further said, that a bet was made on the subject, viz. that Prim would kill Serrano, or Serrano Prim, in a given time, which bet was just won."

"And some," added the Cashier, "attribute the same amiable feelings and homicidal intention to Montpensier; while others aver that it was an act of private revenge, and only connected with politics remotely. For they say that, some years ago, Prim planned the assassination of Narvaez, and had another person killed by mistake, on which the family of the murdered man vowed vengeance, and executed their purpose in the Calle del Tarco."

It is only fair to the Cashier to add that he says he does not believe "these stories." But why give them a moment's attention? What "They say" is seldom worth notice in any part of the world, and in Spain "They" will say anything. It is difficult for an unprejudiced foreigner who listens to the sort of talk that is constantly in the air in Spain to avoid a suspicion that possibly Isabel II. may, after all, be an injured woman. Had she been chaste as ice, pure as snow, she could not have escaped calumny in Spain.

A chapter that will interest a good many English readers is that on "Cabrismo," as the Protestant movement in Spain is called, from its acknowledged head Cabrera, who, it is hardly necessary to say, is not to be confounded with the Carlist general of the same name. Of all places in Spain, heretic-burning Seville, where there was an *auto da fe* so lately as 1781, has been made the head-quarters of the movement, and here the Firm learned something of the progress it is making, and encountered some of the members of the Synod:—

Many of the lower classes [Mr. Kingman observes] seemed to know them well, and respect them highly. Constantly there was a kindly greeting, a shake of the hand—even a kiss; and, it must be confessed, a brotherly spirit seemed to pervade them all. And this might well be the case, for at present the Reformers are a feeble folk, and in peril of their lives every day; but out of such weakness strength has come before now, and it may come again. There will, however, be a struggle, and a deadly one; for in Spain it is a serious matter when ex-priests openly hoist the standard of rebellion against the National Church.

We cannot close our dealings with "Stevens & Co." without a word in acknowledgment of their patriotic denunciations of that national nuisance, the British travelling snob. From all the accounts we receive, it seems that this nasty creature is becoming more and more numerous, and each season extending his range, and carrying his vulgarity, stupidity, and ill-breeding into new regions. Our travellers met with specimens at several points of their route. That he should have been encountered in France at that particular period is only natural; every one recollects what a rush of sightseers there was the instant communications were reopened with Paris, and how enterprising managers "conducted" tourists—who, we suppose, could not conduct themselves—on pleasure trips in omnibuses round the ruins. Of course such an opportunity would bring out strongly his ungovernable curiosity and his stolid disregard of the feelings of others, and Mr. Kingman describes with pardonable indignation the behaviour of one with whom he entered Paris, "who had evidently come

for a day into France, and was determined, in utter disregard of its inhabitants and their distress, to see and hear all he could." But it would seem that he has penetrated even as far as Spain. The Firm observed two or three strongly marked instances of the breed there; in particular one refined gentleman, whose playful way it was to say audibly, "Confound all Yankees!" when General Sikes, who was staying in the same hotel, happened to pass within earshot. What can it be that people of this sort travel for? It cannot be for enjoyment; for art, architecture, scenery, and manners must be thrown away upon them, and, as a matter of fact, their life abroad is one continued grumble, from the time they leave England till they get back. Here is the Junior's theory on the subject:—

"Which being the case," said the Junior, "his object in journeying to Spain is clear enough. Of course he has plenty of acquaintances, whom he calls friends, and all these he delights to take down a peg. And now, when he gets back to England, he will have a fine chance of doing this. For Brown, one of his friends, will have gone perhaps to Cologne, with the same amiable object of crowing over those who have not been there. Then some day Brown will say, 'The cathedral at Cologne is a magnificent thing; Sponge, you should see Cologne.' To which Sponge will reply, 'Have you been to Spain, Brown? eh! eh! No, sir, you have not?' Well, then, no one should talk of Cathedrals who has not been to Spain. When I was in Spain, &c. &c.' So Brown will be silenced until it occurs to him that he can see a bit of Spain almost as easily as a bit of the Rhine provinces, after which he will follow in the footsteps of Sponge, and will leave the same odour of vulgarity behind him, to the disgust of all foreigners."

"The mischief," said the Senior, "which such men do is too obvious for argument. But the question is, how can it be prevented?"

CALENDARS OF SCOTTISH SAINTS.*

WE assume that the Bishop of Brechin in snatching the time needful to publish these *Kalendars* intended them to be of general use, and that, in writing his elaborate preface and in collecting together in alphabetical order the notices of above a thousand Irish and Scottish saints whom very few people have ever heard of, he meant to illustrate a subject which, to say the least of it, is one of considerable obscurity. But unfortunately the form in which he has published his volume is little adapted to benefit those to whom his studies are likely to be most interesting. A quarto *édition de luxe*, with leather back and gilt top leaves, ranges no doubt with the Roxburghe series, but its circulation is necessarily limited to the subscription list and a few exceptional purchasers. Under the most favourable circumstances a work of antiquarian research such as this is would command but a very limited sale; and we must express our regret that so much information has not been compressed into an ordinary octavo volume of somewhat less than half the size of the one now before us. We should not have taken the trouble to offer this exception to its shape were we not impressed with the extreme value of the book, the contents of which have evidently been put together *con amore*, and come with a particularly good grace from a Scottish ecclesiastic. As far as we are ourselves concerned, we are well satisfied to have a volume to read and to review which, from the beauty and size of its type, is specially inviting, and which presents such ample margin to its pages, and so much of the blank paper which, we believe, in the trade goes by the name of "fat."

The main part of the work consists of twelve different *Kalendars*, the dates of which range over a period of four centuries, commencing with a MS. of the thirteenth century and ending with the Liturgy of 1637 which Laud attempted to impose upon the people of Scotland. The last is of course a mere reprint, as also are some of the others. Most of them are, however, now printed for the first time from the original or one of the few original MSS. that are known to exist. Amongst these the *Calendar of Aberdeen* is noteworthy. It was printed in 1854, but the author has been induced to reprint it, in order to incorporate the manuscript additions of the copy now at Glamis Castle in the possession of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorn. He mentions the practice of inserting additions in ink in order to accommodate old breviaries to modern usage as being peculiarly Scottish. Two sections of the volume, Nos. VII. and VIII., are devoted to extracts from this Aberdeen Breviary—the first consisting of its *Kalendar* in full, the second containing the entries in the Martyrology of Aberdeen, specially relating to Scottish Saints. We observe that in the title of the latter the name of the city is printed Aberdeen by a mistake, for which the extraordinarily large size of the type seems to leave no excuse. And a comparison of the first page of the Martyrology with the first page of the Breviary suggests also another oversight on the part of the editor, which, though more excusable, we nevertheless regret. On the idea—i.e., the 13th of January—we have duly entered, no doubt as an exact copy from the MS., "Kentigerni episcopi et confessoris, majus duplex." Corresponding to this we have in the entry printed from the Martyrology, *Idibus Januarii*, followed by eleven lines detailing the fame of St. Kentigern as recognized, not only in the Scottish Church, but also by the English and Irish. Now the author in his preface says that one

reason for giving the *Kalendar* of this Breviary may be found in the great importance of the book in any hagiological work, as well as in the use which

* *Kalendars of Scottish Saints, with Personal Notices of those of Alba, Laudonia, and Strathclyde. An attempt to fix the Districts of their Several Missions and the Churches where they were chiefly had in remembrance.* By Alexander Penrose Forbes, D.C.L., Bishop of Brechin. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1872.

has been made of the lessons from it in the biographical notices of the Scottish Saints at the end of this volume.—P. xxxi.

We have already referred to these valuable notices, but upon turning to Kentigern, who duly appears in alphabetical order, we find him calendared under the date November 13, A.D. 603. No explanation of this is given; and though it is possible that here, as in other cases, there may be no account to be given of the variation, yet the fact of the apparent discrepancy ought, we think, to have been noticed, if only for the sake of those who might in ignorance have thought that November 13 was a mistake of the writer's for January 13, the day on which, as far as we know, his name appears in all Kalendars. We observe that in another instance of a similar duplication of dates—namely, the festival of Margaret of Scotland, Queen and Confessor—the editor has given the explanation, namely, that the feast was moved from the day of her death, which was the 16th of November, to the 10th of June, by Innocent XII in 1693, at the instance of James VII., that day being the birthday of his son.

It is this discriminating and critical element that we often desiderate throughout the work. We will illustrate what we mean by reference to the life of the same Saint as given in the appendix. The editor in his preface notices the almost entire dearth of authentic information with regard to the history of Scotland before the time of St. Margaret, and therefore being, as he says we ought to be, thankful for the slightest hint with regard to the politics and conditions of life of those obscure times, he reproduces a good deal of matter without either comment or any, the slightest, attempt to distinguish between the ordinary and the marvellous. He says:—

With any abatement caused by [we suppose he means allowed for] the unmerited nature of the compositions, we get from the legends a very definite picture of a state of society in which violence and barbarism alternate with results of strong religious conviction, and in which we seem to discover those forms of civil and ecclesiastical life which are manifested to us in the other nations of the Celtic family. We should not have exhibited the whole case had we suppressed all the miracles which form so great a proportion of the incidents in the lives. Some of these are such as to excite a smile upon the gravest countenance. The nature of this work being untheological precludes the necessity of touching on this subject from any other than a literary point of view. Even those who reject them must admit their historic value as illustrations of the domestic life and manners of epochs of which we know so little.—P. xlv.

Now the life of St. Kentigern is the longest and most important of all the notices given by the Bishop of Brechin. He carefully gives the authorities from which the life as a whole has been derived, and in speaking of the different accounts of the Saint's birth he was not bound to protest against the absurdity of some of them, as he remarks upon the story of his being supposed to be born of a virgin, as detailed by Joceline, some six hundred years afterwards, and quotes this author's opinion that he was born after the regular course of nature, but that his mother was as ignorant of the cause of her conception as Lot was. This odd expression is of course due to Joceline, who meant that she was as unconscious of any intercourse as Lot was when he became the progenitor of the Moabites and Ammonites. We do not object to this or any other of the curious alleged miracles in connexion with this Saint being reproduced, provided the authority is quoted so as to enable the reader to form his own judgment on their probability; but we should have been glad if some attempt had been made to distinguish between what is certain, what is false, and what may be classed under the respective heads of the probable and the improbable. At the end of the life, amidst other facts which the editor is plainly telling in his own words and without reference to authority, it is stated that "he died on a Sunday, when he was an hundred and eighty-five years of age past, in the year 601 according to some, and in the year 612 according to the *Annales Cambrie*. His day is the 13th of November, and Sunday fell on that day in the years 603 and 614." Now if the reader will deduct 100 years from his life, it will be easy to believe that the Saint died at the advanced age of eighty-five, as is stated in Alban Butler's life of him; but he certainly did not die on a Sunday in either of the years 603 or 614, on the 13th of November, for that day fell on a Wednesday in both those years; nor again could he have died in 601 or 612, if he died on Sunday the 13th of November, for in both of those years this day fell on a Monday. But as January 13 fell on Sunday in both the years 603 and 614, we are inclined to think that November is really a mistake for January, either in the original manuscript from which the account is derived, or else brought in by a scribe in copying, or a printer in composing. Again, we could have wished for some historical account, amongst all these legends of which the life is mostly composed, of his dealings with the Pelagian heresy, which he is said to have entirely extirpated from the church of the Picts.

And now we will proceed to notice another of these biographies, that of Queen Margaret of Scotland, the wife of Malcolm III., who died in 1093, on the 16th of November, but was not canonized till the year 1251. There is a document lately come to light from the stores of the Vatican, published in Theiner's *Monumenta Hibernorum et Scotorum*, which contains the Commission issued at the request of James III. to inquire into the habits and character of the Queen, and the number and kind of miracles alleged to have been performed at her tomb. It is very curious that the *cultus* of the Queen should have existed from the time of her death for a hundred and fifty years before she was canonized. The Bishop of Brechin is certainly, we think, right in his conclusion that the suggestion of the canonization from the King of Scotland to the

Pope has no reference to the case of Margaret of Denmark, who had died in the course of the preceding year. This view had been propounded by a writer in the *Christian Remembrancer*, vol. I., p. 333, and had also been adopted by ourselves in articles published some years ago (see *Saturday Review* for July 29 and August 12, 1865). We have no doubt that Papebroch was wrong when he asserts, without any evidence, that there had been a previous canonization of Queen Margaret, which he thinks necessary to account for her *cultus*; whereas it is in reality the *cultus* that led to the petition for her canonization.

And now we must turn to the Kalendars themselves, which will be found to contain several curiosities. Some of them chronicle various superstitions as regards certain days of the year. Amongst these the *Kalendarium de Hydrmanistoun* is conspicuous. We regret to say that the Kalendar is a little damaged, so that some of these quaint lines cannot be produced in their integrity. At the end of most of the months are a few Latin hexameters, occasionally varied by an inserted or a concluding pentameter, giving some explanations, which are not always of the clearest kind, as to when the dog-days and other similar periods commence and end. These are sometimes preceded by a line or two which details some local, or perhaps in some cases more general, superstition. Thus, to the month of January in this Kalendar is appended the following rhyming line:—

Nona parat bellum set quinta dat hora flagellum.

In February we have—

Nulius ut octave vel dene dixerit ave;

and in this month we have a couplet informing us that when the year will divide by four without a remainder it is a leap-year. It would puzzle a scholar to put this information into a neat couplet of elegiacs. Those who object to the following may try their hand at a better:—

Tunc bisextus erit quando per quatuor equos
Annos partiri cum poteris domini.

Omitting all intermediate entries, we come to the character given to certain days of August, which are very curious. The line at the beginning of the month is—

Prima necat fortem, perditque secunda cohortem.

That at the conclusion is—

Cuspide prima ferit quem septima perdere querit.

For an explanation of the first of these lines we turned to the Ninth Kalendar, that of Adam King, printed at Paris in English (or rather Scotch) in 1588, where we find that the slaughter of the Maccabees is attributed to the first of August, and the defeat of the Romans at Cannæ to the second of the same month. Still there is difficulty in such an allusion to classical history in a Kalendar of the thirteenth century. The coincidence, however, is curious. We observe that none of the descriptions of these days apply to any except the earlier days of the month. In one instance only does the number reach as high as fifteen. It is evident, therefore, that the exigencies of hexameter verse have interfered with the descriptive powers of the writer, whoever he may have been.

Some of these lines are very uncouth, not to say unconstruable. The following one—

Quinta dat Octobris que non avenena colubris—

comes under both these heads, even after adopting the obvious emendation of taking the initial (a) from the penultimate word, and annexing it to the preceding word.

The first Kalendar printed in the work—namely, the *Kalendarium Drummondense*—has none of these rhyming lines; but the fourth and sixth, that of *Arbuthnot* and that of *Nova Farina*, give most of the same initial lines as the book de *Hydrmanistoun*; but they are in most cases more carelessly copied, and in one or two instances they are purposely varied in the *Nova Farina*.

In the Celtic Kalendar the editor has added the English to the Celtic for the sake of the unlearned. The entries at the beginnings and ends of months in the Kalendar of the Aberdeen Breviary are all of them of the nature of rubrical directions.

We had not intended to say anything about the first Kalendar which appears in this work, and which is the only one that gives at least one event for every day in the year. Some of those entries are nevertheless very curious, and will hardly be thought to be possessed of much authority in point of chronology; as, for instance, when the 6th of September is fixed upon as *Natale Zacharii Profete*. However, our reason for noticing this Kalendar here is that the editor has printed in facsimile its first and last pages as a specimen of the mode in which such a book was produced in the eleventh century. Neither of these pages is very easy to read. The first contains a form of exorcism which the editor has not reproduced in print. The other enables us to test his accuracy in transcribing, and we are obliged to say that certain oversights in it throw some suspicions upon the other parts which we have not the same means of testing. In the entry against the 26th of December the editor prints:—

In Hierosolimis passio Sancti Stephani protomartyris et Levite Diaconi qui a Judeis lapidatus atque Gamalielo sancto sepultus est et in Hibernia nakale, sanctorum confessorum Jarlath et Conain.

The word *Hierosolimis* is distinctly *Hierusalem* in the facsimile both here and in other places in which it occurs in the Kalendar, and there is no *atque* before the word *Gamalielo*, and *Conain* ought to be *Commam*. The mistakes themselves are of little con-

sequence, but they just suggest a fear whether there may not be others of more importance in the Kalendar, which it must be admitted is very closely written and very difficult to read.

Again, against the 28th of December on the same page we have the following entry:—

Bethleem passio sanctorum infantum qui sub Herode rege coronati sunt numero duorum milium ducentorum.

In this entry the editor has printed *Herode rege* for *Herodis regno*, and has omitted a half line which is inserted in a vacant space above the first line, and which ought to come in after the word *regno*—namely, *perfidia pro Christo fuso sanguine*.

We have noticed other mistakes in this page, which we will hope has been an unfortunate specimen. They are not of much importance, but one of the chief values of such a reproduction of a MS. is its exact accuracy. We have been minute in our criticism of the Bishop of Brechin as to minor details of his work. We must not omit to thank him for the great amount of information he has put together and for the labour he has bestowed on a work which can never be remunerative for the cost of its publication.

MISS BRADDON'S LAST NOVEL.*

IN this tale the author of *Lady Audley's Secret* has struck out a new line. In place of the conventional hero made up of yellow moustaches and selfishness, and the heroine with yellow hair, indomitable will, and shady antecedents, we are introduced to a picture of Arcadian simplicity and innocence of a kind quite unusual to meet with even in a novel. Not that the villain of the piece is not a thoroughgoing villain of the approved sort, quite equal to anything of the kind that has been painted before, ready to commit forgery, abduction, and any other crime on the smallest provocation, or indeed often from no apparent motive whatever. But then the hero proper is a young man of the most unexceptionable character; while of the two heroines, the one, if slightly insipid, yet is the very pink of propriety, and if the other does make a slip in early life, she endeavours to recover the lost ground and become an honest woman by a judicious bigamy very soon afterwards.

Robert Ainsleigh is brought up from early childhood by a worthy couple, the warreners on an estate in Berkshire and his wife, his only companion and playmate being their pretty little daughter Margery. When ten years old, Robert—or, as his foster-sister calls him, Robin—is removed from the care of these good people, and taken to reside at the great house, tenanted at that time by the steward, one Mr. Grimshaw, and his wife the housekeeper. This lady, for some reason at present unknown, cherishes a bitter dislike to the youngster whom she has taken under her care, and snubs and bullies him persistently during the next nine years; her husband the while, who, although fulfilling the humble office of house-steward to Lady Barbara Lestrangle, is yet a scholar of extraordinary mark, acts as Robert's tutor. The pupil is worthy of the tutor, for at nineteen he could not only turn a love-ditty by Rochester into Anacreontics "in pure Greek," besides reading "alike easily in English, French, Italian, and Latin," but he had also gained a smattering of Sanscrit—a remarkable feat to accomplish in the year 1750, or thirty years before the existence of that language was discovered by Europeans.

While leading this peaceful and useful life, he learns by degrees something of his own history. Lady Barbara Lestrangle, the owner of the house and estate, at present at Madrid with her husband, the British Ambassador there, had in her youth been attached to a cousin, one Roderick Ainsleigh, who however, instead of marrying his wealthy and beautiful relative, went to the bad, and disappeared one day simultaneously with the pretty daughter of a neighbouring parson. Shortly afterwards the young lady dies in destitution in London, leaving an infant, our hero, whom Lady Barbara adopts, its father being supposed to have been killed in a brawl in the slums of the town. The orphan has now arrived at manhood, and besides attaining to the degree of scholarship already mentioned, is so gentle-mannered that, when the stern housekeeper, Mrs. Grimshaw, calls him an unmannerly jack-anapes, his reply is couched in language almost touching from its mildness. Mrs. Grimshaw had evidently taught him manners while her husband was teaching him Sanscrit. At this juncture Lady Barbara returns home from Madrid, accompanied by her husband's niece, Miss Dorothea Hemsley, a young lady with a "pale, white-rose face," and a large fortune, and her stepson, Mr. Everard Lestrangle, the "first villain" of the tale, and destined to be married to the heiress. Lady Barbara forthwith sets to petting Robin, who receives her kindness with becoming humility, and is ever ready to sit on a stool at the feet of "dear madam," and to slobber morally like a human spaniel on every occasion. The consequences were what might be expected. Miss Hemsley, a courted heiress, accustomed to the society of the Spanish Court, would naturally fall in love with so well-conducted a youth, who, to the polished manners acquired in the warreners' hut and in the excellent Mrs. Grimshaw's society, no doubt added the charm of a fine Berkshire accent. Robin returns her affection, but, warned by his kind benefactress, promises her to conceal his feelings, and thereon straightway takes the first opportunity of making them known. Mr. Lestrangle, perceiving this inter-

ference of Robin with the matrimonial arrangements destined for himself, bestows on him a portion of the hatred which is his leading emotion, but meanwhile amuses himself by seducing the warreners' daughter Margery, now grown up to be a young woman of surpassing beauty, whom he beguiles to London by a promise of marriage. To complete the arrangement, he throws the suspicion caused by her disappearance on Robin, by forging a letter in the handwriting of the latter, making an assignation with the girl, in which his signature is so adroitly counterfeited that our hero stands aghast, and Sir Marcus Lestrangle, now returned from Madrid, turns him out of the house.

Robin thereupon goes to London to read for the Bar, and with his usual good sense admits to share his chambers and intimacy a man who is an evident rogue, and who of course is the "second villain" of the story—an agent of the first, employed to work Robin's further ruin, which is very soon accomplished. For on Lady Barbara coming to town with her ward, what more natural than that she, being, as we are given to understand, a peculiarly strong-minded woman, and a model of propriety, with a large fortune in her own right, and entirely independent of her husband, as was also the young lady, should bring the lovers secretly together, and propose a clandestine marriage between them, her scheme being that Robin should carry off the young lady from a masquerade at Ranelagh? What more natural, also, than that this gallant and discreet young man should confide the plot to his chance acquaintance, Mr. Hay—the "second villain" above referred to, and whom even he suspects to be a rogue—and that he should join that gentleman and one Sergeant O'Blagg of the East India Company's service in a dinner on the evening of the performance; that these two worthies should drug his wine; that when the lady meets him according to appointment, and they repair to the house where the Fleet marriage is to be celebrated, his suggestion to take the obvious precaution of ascertaining that he has got hold of the right lady by lifting her veil is silenced by Mr. Hay, who objects that the lookers on might discover, as well as the bridegroom, who she is? It need hardly be said that when the veil is lifted, after the ceremony, Robin finds he has married a person he did not intend to marry—namely, his old acquaintance Margery, now the cast-off mistress of Lestrangle, who of course has arranged the whole affair with the aid of his accomplice Mr. Hay, and who now himself appears on the scene to enjoy the spectacle of his rival's discomfiture. While Robin is protesting feebly against the trick, in come a party of crimps, headed by Sergeant O'Blagg, who claims him as a recruit for the East India Company, in virtue of some remarks let fall during the dinner party above mentioned. Robin is next described as struggling with his captors (a proceeding in the occurrence of which we disbelieve wholly, so sensible a line of action being utterly inconsistent with his known antecedents), whereupon he is knocked down, and eventually carried on board a troopship bound to India, in company with Mr. Hay, whom Mr. Lestrangle has also made over to the crimps, thus cleverly killing two birds with one stone, and getting rid at the same time of his rival and of the accomplice whose revelations might prove embarrassing. Why the crimps did not improve the occasion by carrying off Mr. Lestrangle himself, as well as the parson and the landlord of the house and the bystanders generally, is not explained; but it would apparently have been just as easy to do so. However, the kidnapped gentlemen (who continue to be fast friends, the gentle Robin feeling no improper resentment against the ruffian who has ruined him) are accompanied on their voyage to India by the sergeant, who has at any rate the courage of his opinions, and cheerfully shares with his compulsory recruits the horrors of the seven months' passage, finding apparently a sufficient recompense for his own sufferings in the knowledge that our hero and the other recruits have also to undergo them.

Arrived at Calcutta, Robin soon attracts the attention of Mr. Holwell, mainly from his acquirements in Sanscrit, which must undoubtedly have created a sensation; and on being taken up by that gentleman and promoted to a subordinate clerkship, he forthwith attaches himself to him in the spaniel-like fashion which invariably characterizes his relations towards his patrons. We are now treated to the episode of the Black Hole and the battle of Plassey, for putting which scene on the stage there has been a great show of historical properties; and indeed so far as regards calling the Hindoos Gentoos, and the Mahomedans Moors, the description may be pronounced quite lifelike, for that is just what the Anglo-Indians of those days used to do; but the actual verisimilitude of the picture may be gleaned from the following extracts. The scene of the Black Hole is thus described:—

The first impulse was one wild burst of rage. A block of living creatures rolled desperately against the door, in the hope to force it open. But, alas! the door opened inwards, and this dead weight could do nothing against it. Some of these unarmed wretches next tried to drag it open with their hands and nails, and fell back presently with bleeding, lacerated fingers, howling with pain.

Considering that there were nearly a hundred and fifty persons jammed into a room eighteen feet square, any such action could obviously not have occurred. A very small amount of imagination might have prevented such a blunder as that of describing these unhappy creatures as rolling about like a street crowd, and a part of them "falling back" from a *rush* at the door. But this is nothing to what follows. Among the victims is Mr. Hay, who in his dying moments reveals an important secret to Robin in the following words:—

"Supposing you ever escape from this hell and get back to England,

* *Robert Ainsleigh*. By the Author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*," &c. &c. 3 vols. London: Maxwell & Co. 1872.

which is doubtful, would you bless me if I told you that the marriage in Fleet Street was no marriage—that Margery Hawker is no wife of yours? . . . She is my wife. . . . I had helped in the elopement, you know, and was his gentleman body-servant, henchman, bully, and hanger-on in general. The poor child fretted over her dishonour, and he proposed to make an honest woman of her by marrying her—to me. . . . Then arose the notable scheme of marrying Margery to you, to prevent your marriage with Miss Dorothea, and thus make assurance doubly sure in the event of our kidnapping plan proving a failure. A tangled web of intrigue, is it not? I left the certificate of my marriage in the safe keeping of a friend in London, in case it should ever be wanted."

"What friend?" I asked eagerly, for I felt him growing heavier as he hung upon me, while his whispers sounded fainter in my ear. "Your friend's name, Phil," I cried; "for God's sake tell me that?"

"A lawyer, and a fellow I can trust. A scoundrel; Bob; but your thoroughbred scoundrels can trust each other. It's only your half-and-half rogue who turns traitor."

"His name?"

"Too late. His arm loosened upon my neck, and he slipped down, &c. &c."

Of course it was too late, for the exigencies of the tale require that the correct address should not be discovered till the third volume; but it must be admitted that for a man dying of suffocation under every circumstance of horror this statement was tolerably coherent. The felicitous painting of nature embodied in the description will be recognized by every reader. Of all the absurdly unreal death scenes to be found scattered among the sensation novels which it has been our ill fortune to read, this is about the most absurd.

Robin eventually returns to England, with three thousand pounds in his pocket, bent on obtaining revenge upon his enemy Lestrangle. Going to the theatre on his arrival, he recognizes in the beautiful actress who shares with Garrick the foremost place on the stage, and whom all London is talking about, his quondam foster-sister and would-be wife, Margery, who it appears, on explanation, had joined a strolling company of actors after the Fleet marriage, which happy condition naturally enabled her to shake off any vulgarity of manner or accent imbibed from previous associations down in Berkshire, and to develop into a refined and finished personifier of Shakespearian heroines; and, her genius being first recognized by Mr. Garrick, she straightway sets the town on fire by her grace and beauty. To her Robin imparts the information that her husband is dead and herself a free woman; and going away he forthwith discloses like a sneak the secret of the famous actress's past history to the first acquaintance he picks up in a tavern. But indeed a capacity for keeping secrets was not among the young man's qualifications. However, his object is revenge, and having waylaid Lestrangle in the street with a horsewhip, it might be supposed that he would take the opportunity of giving him a thrashing. But this would have been by far too sensible a course for our hero, who lets his enemy go on the condition that he will fight a duel with him. He is now at last to have the revenge which he has been looking for so many years; nor does he allow his satisfaction at the prospect to be alloyed by the reflection that fighting is a game two can play at, and that, since Lestrangle is an accomplished duellist while he has never handled a rapier, it is just possible the revenge may be the other way. As he philosophically puts it, "I held my life as a possession so worthless, that I did not even take the trouble to consider the hazard of its coming to a sudden end within a dozen hours"; if he had, he would not have been the consistent donkey he is described to be throughout the book. However, Lestrangle, who seems to have been a good-natured fellow at bottom, lets him off cheaply, first winging Robin's second, whom the latter with his usual happy tact has managed to drag into the quarrel, and then wounding Robin, without killing him; whereupon Margery, who has been madly in love with him for the last ten years, her *liaison* with Lestrangle and marriage with Mr. Hay notwithstanding, nurses him through his illness, a duty for which her past life as member of a strolling company and her present engagement as the star of a London theatre eminently qualify her. Robin in return, out of gratitude, getting over the little difficulty of her having lived with Lestrangle, and her intended bigamous marriage with himself, offers to marry her regularly.

How Robin afterwards goes down and establishes himself in Lestrangle's Berkshire house, without the owner's permission, thereby purloining a will which gives him the latter's property; how, when still weak after his illness, and dogged by a spy of Lestrangle whom he knows to be following him, he takes a walk on a lonely common instead of following the straight road to the town, solely in order that the said spy may fall upon him, when of course his pistols miss fire, and the spy knocks him on the head, for no apparent object, however, since nothing comes of the adventure; how, when arrested on suspicion of the murder of Lestrangle, he immediately despatches the only friend in London who could be of use in the emergency to look after some business in the country that might very well have waited, and desires another witness who could have proved an *alibi* not to trouble himself about coming up to town; how, when brought before a magistrate nearly as wise as himself, he was at last got out of the difficulty by the only member of his family possessed of any common sense; how the excellent Margery, impressed with a sudden happy thought, determines to eschew regular matrimony and set Robin free to receive the hand of a lovely, if somewhat insipid widow, who has been devotedly attached to him all the time her husband was alive—all these interesting and lifelike incidents the reader may find recorded. Given, in short, a fatuous donkey, always ready to tumble into the most obvious traps; three weak-minded women and a couple of unscrupulous but inconsistent scoundrels; disregard

consistency and defy probability, and you may bring any amount of sensation within the compass of three volumes. *Robert Ainsleigh* is just the sort of book which might have been produced by some country Miss in her teens, whose notions of real life had been derived from the novels of the authoress of *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Guy Livingstone*. Of anything natural, whether of incident or character, there is not a trace. Miss Braddon should stick to her long-moustached men and yellow-haired female demons. If not very probable creations, they had at any rate some stuff in them. Attempting to paint a hero of more simple type, she has described a mere blockhead of supernatural stupidity and insipidity, while the plot of the tale is as feeble as the character ascribed to Robin himself.

RECENT EXPOSITORS OF EURIPIDES.*

THE lovers of the most pathetic of Greek dramatists will gladly welcome two volumes which, each in its own way, aim at the rehabilitation of Euripides; and their satisfaction will be enhanced when they find that in these instances the dramatist has no need to cry "Save me from my friends!" Euripides has more than once of late years been unlucky in this respect; but Mr. Browning's *Balaustion* seems to have marked the turn of the tide, which is not likely to ebb when it gains a fresh impetus from such well-considered surveys of the poet's life and works as that for which we have to thank the veteran Licensor of Plays, or when the charm of a particular drama can enlist the sympathies of a practical man like Mr. Thorold Rogers. The spirit of our age is such that it will be no marvel if we veer round towards "Euripides the human," and do our endeavour to redress the unfairness of ancient bias towards the rugged beauty of Æschylus or the refined æstheticism of Sophocles; and assuredly in the two volumes before us there are satisfactory tokens of a change in this direction.

Mr. Donne's earlier chapters will be found extremely serviceable in helping to a right conception of the times, the scenes, and the characters amidst which Euripides was matured. In no "Theatre of the Greeks"—and there have been half-a-dozen attempts at this sort of thing within the last half-century—do we find so vivid and distinct an expression of the aspect of the Attic clime, its amusements, and its representative men, in the days of the youngest member of the dramatic triumvirate; when philosophy was beginning to be more popular than muscularity and Marathonian rudeness, and the Sophoclean reverence for the "composure of art" had become liable to a suspicion of sameness, if not tameness. We are reminded in these pages how the genius of Euripides discovered its true bent despite the advice of soothsayers who would have persuaded him to court failure as an athlete rather than success as a dramatist; and how the best of philosophic tutors and lecturers conduced to the development of a poet of finer fibre than the giant Æschylus, and of profounder human insight than the artistic Sophocles. It was his to humanize the stern gods of the elder superstition, and for this and kindred offences against Athenian Conservatism he incurred the persistent hostility of Aristophanes, which has unquestionably operated against him with posterity; but it is now time for advocates like the writer of the life before us to disabuse men's minds of slanders which were for the most part unfounded, and to explain away with temperate and not over-done zeal the libels which former generations accepted simply through incuriousness.

Take, for example, the charge of misogyny which has stuck so inseparably to Euripides; can there be a better illustration of the proverb about the flinging of mud? There was a tradition that he was a bigamist, and was unfortunate in his double dose of matrimony. It might fairly follow that, as Gellius gossips and our sceptic, David Hume, somewhat credulously believes, he ever after entertained an aversion for the sex. But how much of this are we to credit, when, as Mr. Donne notices, one report of the cause of Euripides's death was that he was killed by women when on his way to keep an assignation? It is hard to believe both stories, and perhaps neither may be wholly true. Euripides may have been henpecked and unhappy in his matrimonial life, but, if so, his fate has its parallels, as Mr. Donne shows, in the annals of modern poets and poetry. He may have relieved his feelings now and then by the portrayal of a bad woman, but assuredly it ought to be remembered, *per contra*, that no poet has given nobler pictures of good women. Polyxena, Macaria, Evadne, Electra, Iphigenia, as a daughter and sister and heroic woman, Alcestis, and Hecuba, are names that will occur to every one in proof of this; and what have we to set against them? Jocasta, in her calamity and involuntary sin, "braver and wiser than the men about her"; Phædra, "not a vicious woman, but the helpless victim of an irate deity"; Medea, "the fierce and revengeful heroine," whom the poet so depicts that she "has all our sympathy while Jason has all our contempt." It is perhaps tactically unwise, and superfluous also, in Mr. Donne to turn the tables on Aristophanes; and, when Euripides is charged with misogyny, to hold up the Lysistrata and Thesmophoriazuse, and, as it were, cry out "You're another!" but he makes a true point when (p. 71) he notes that, whilst all the heroines of Sophocles are ideal

* *Euripides*. (Ancient Classics for English Readers.) By William Bodham Donne. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1872. *The Baccha of Euripides, Translated into English Verse*. By James E Thorold Rogers. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1872.

heroines, those of Euripides are "human beings with strong passions, yet stronger affections," and actuated by "a deep sense of duty and religion." And as to the imputations of antiquity on the poet's moral opinions and practice, his bad citizenship and bad theology, is it not true that a great part of them arise from looking at Euripides through the spectacles of Aristophanes, who feared and suspected the student of physical science and of moral philosophy, and ranked him as a scapegoat with the greater teacher Socrates? As to his morality, it is too summarily disposed of when he is held to justify "mental reservation" from the famous line in the *Hippolytus*, or "usurpation and inordinate ambition" from the verses in the *Phænissæ*, without reference to the context or to the character of the speaker. If the poet's morals may be inferred from his writings, we may cite the chaste Hippolytus, or Parthenopeus in the "Suppliants," the modest Achilles of the *Iphigenia*, the "sweet holiness of youth" represented in the boy Ion. And if, depicting, as is his custom, men as he found them, Euripides has introduced not a few shift, crafty Greeks (as some might say, not inconsistently with the national character in all time), what is there in this that is not common to his partners in Greek dramatic fame? We need but go to Mr. Donne for an instance:—"In none of his plays," he writes, "has he depicted such a thoroughgoing scoundrel as the Sophoclean Ulysses in the *Philoctetes*." For a representative poetroom commend us to the same character in the *Ajar*. On the whole, thanks are due to our new vindicator of Euripides for his defence of him as a poet far in advance of his age in his views and feelings towards women, and slaves, and children; and we are disposed to endorse Mr. Donne's ascription of the preservation of so many of his works to this human element in them:—

Soma attraction or charm there was in them that touched the heart of Hellas from its eastern to its western border, and so held above water a fourth at least of his writings, when the deluge of barbarism or bigotry swept away so many thousands of Greek dramas, and among them some that had borne off the crown from Æschylus or Sophocles. *Sunt lacrima rerum et mentem mortalibus tangunt.* The very tenderness of Euripides, though taxed with effeminacy or degradation of art by critics of the Aristophanic school, may have had its influence in the salvage of seventeen plays, and fragments of others, exceeding in number the sum of those of both his extant compeers.

In his sketches of the extant plays of Euripides Mr. Donne has displayed great tact, grouping in a couple of the later chapters comparatively unimportant works like the *Troades* and *Heracleida*, and such inartistic dramas as the *Phænissæ*, which, though fraught with stirring incident and effective situations, is a sin against Corinna's maxim, "to sow with the hand and not with the sickle." Ten plays are thus somewhat summarily disposed of; but not the most determined stickler for the claims of Euripides can find fault with Mr. Donne's handling of the other seven. Of these he groups two, the *Alcestis* and *Medea*, in one chapter, as the most pathetic, we presume, of the Euripidean catalogue. In discussing the first, he notes a feature common to only one other play of Euripides, the personification of an evil to which flesh is heir; in this case Death, in the *Hercules Furens*, *Lyssa* or *Phrensy*. Both are depicted as strong-willed and active personages, having no little part in the action of the dramas which they characterize. The theory that the *Alcestis* is a semi-comedy, or a satiric drama, is justly discredited. It has indeed enough of the comic element in it to rank as a *comœdie larmoyante*, a title to which elsewhere Mr. Donne shows that the *Iphigenia in Tauris* has no real claim, because the suspense and dread that reign in it are to all intents tragic. But even in the *Alcestis* the comic element is comparatively slight, and we agree in Mr. Donne's view (p. 136-7) that the *Helen* fulfils in a far higher degree this comic character, being as it is a kind of satiric setting-things-to-rights, and making everybody happy—on the theory that whilst Paris eloped with a phantom, Helen spent the eventful twelve years in a "grass widowhood in Egypt"—which rather reminds us of Thackeray's amusing trifle *Rebecca and Rowena*. Perhaps the tears of the *Alcestis* need some counterpoise of laughter, which is supplied by the jovial Hercules, as it is also in some degree by the grandfather Phereas, whose objections to humouring his son Admetus by acting as a substitute for Alcestis are thrown into an amusing paraphrase by Mr. Donne. We are not sure that the *Medea* is not the finer and more satisfactory play, as indeed the favour which it has found at all times with translators and adapters would seem to show. In the pages devoted to it the wronged wife and mother's character is well discriminated, and care is taken to distinguish her from the mere vixen or shrew. By a strange slip two passages of a translation by Dean Milman, descriptive of Medea before she left her sire and home, are said to be from Valerius Flaccus, whereas of course they are from Apollonius Rhodius. The mistake calls the more urgently for correction, because in the context Virgil is said to have found much to borrow in the lines; which would have been impossible if Flaccus, a contemporary of Martial, had written them.

Another chapter is given to the two Iphigenias. The *Iphigenia in Aulis* is the best play of the "spectacular" kind, and one of the best for the delineation of *ἦθος*, in Euripides; while the *Iphigenia in Tauris* stands almost alone for the spirit and excellence of its plot. In the former, to say nothing of the famous opening scene, there is great skill in the portraiture of Iphigenia. "Not Thecla when first entering Wallenstein's palace and seeing the royal state by which her father was surrounded, not Miranda, gazing for the first time on 'the brave new world,' are more deli-

cate creations of poetic fancy than Iphigenia in her childlike amazement and delight on reaching the camp and the tent of her sire." As to the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, we will only remark that it is strange Mr. Donne should have drawn no parallel betwixt her and Jephtha's daughter, even as, when discussing the *Alcestis*, he is not led even to glance at the foreshadowing therein of the doctrine of atonement. The Euripidean counterpart of the youthful Samuel, the foundling son in the Delphic temple, supplies our author with a theme for half a delightful chapter. The plot of the *Ion* is intensely complex, and in no play of Euripides is the suspense so breathless from the opening till the *dénouement*. It is rightly styled by Mr. Donne a romantic rather than a classical drama; and it would not be labour lost if some one of our modern translators would set his hand to a good version of a play which dramatizes the legend whereby Athens in her high estate aspired to consecrate her origin on the spear side, even as she regaled it on the spindle side (p. 138, &c.). The quotations in this and several other chapters are of necessity from Potter; and we are spoilt for Potter when we have enjoyed extracts from Mr. Browning's *Balaustion* for the *Alcestis*, from Mr. Webster for *Medea*, and from Mr. Purcell Fitzgerald for the *Hippolytus*.

For the *Bacche* Mr. Donne has availed himself of the beautiful version of Dean Milman, to which it is no small compliment to Mr. Rogers to say that his translation is to some extent comparable. We have never shared the modern taste for unrhymed choruses, though it were idle to let prejudice interfere with our appreciation of the spirited "unrhyme" for which Milton's "Agonistes" is his precedent. Of the dialogue, speeches, and monostichs, Mr. Rogers's rendering is a transcript of the drift and sense, not the less telling for not being severely literal. Very seldom indeed can a blot or a fault be spied in it; and his preface, whilst it supplies all needful information touching the play, is moreover decidedly ingenious. Mr. Donne follows the usual theory that the *Bacche*, which was written and first exhibited at Pella and the Court of Archelaus, was a tribute to the favourite god of Northern Greece, whose worship was there, he hints, as devoutly observed in practice as in faith. Commonly this drama is cited as a proof that age and declining years had toned down Euripides to orthodoxy, and that it was designed to be a sort of recantation. But Mr. Rogers ventures on another theory:—"It is possible that Euripides may have recognized in the rites of the Macedonian Bacchants one of those correctives to the wantonness and insolence of an autocrat which enthusiasm always supplies." He sees a protest against the engrossing will of an able and unscrupulous monarch in the alliance of human liberty with religious enthusiasm. Certainly there are lines in the play which favour such a view, though it is a very speculative and problematical view after all. When the messenger says to Pentheus (670-1):—

τὸ γὰρ τάχος σου τῶν φρονῶν δίδου, ἀναξ,
καὶ τοῦτοῦτον καὶ τὸ βασιλικὸν λαν,

there is a hint to despots in the Greek, not lost sight of in Mr. Rogers's English:—

I fear the quickness of thy wrath; for, Sir,
Thou art sharp-temper'd and right royal too.

Are we to suppose that the Macedonian King was fine-witted enough to take the hint, as he sat in the theatre, possibly not wholly unobscured by Bacchic influences? When, however, we compare this passage with another in the same play, it does not escape us that Mr. Rogers lets democracy down very lightly. Teiresias says in vv. 270-1:—

θρασὺς τε δυνατός καὶ λίγειν οἶός τ' ἀνὴρ
κακὸς πολίτης γίγνεται νοῦν οὐκ ἔχων;

or, as Dean Milman renders,

For the bold demagogue, powerful in speech,
Is but a dangerous citizen, lacking sense.

But *audi alteram partem*. Surely there is undue mildness in the vague rendering by Mr. Rogers:—

However skilled a man may be in speech,
If he be rash and reckless, he becomes
A bane to others, for his mind is void.

In judging the value of Mr. Rogers's theory, we incline to the advice of the chorus in vv. 427-8, and are disposed to

Avoid the schemes and saws of those
Who would be singular.

Yet though this be so, it does not detract from the merit of his translation, which is very even, sound, and metrical. The first antistrophe of the second chorus will prove our words:—

Lips that never check their speech,
Folly freed from due restraint,
Ever work a final woe;
But the quiet, patient heart,
Guided still by wisdom's rule,
All unshaken doth remain
And saves the household; for the gods of heaven afar,
Though dwelling in the glistening sky, behold the deeds of men.
That wisdom is not wise
Which aims beyond man's power.
Short is our life: to grasp at much is but to lose the present good:
And this to me seems like the deed of frenzied and of foolish men.

Here we take leave of two tributes to the merit of Euripides, each of which is in its measure calculated to enhance the appreciation of the most pathetic and philosophic of Greek dramatists.

EXTEMPORARY PREACHING.*

A QUESTION is sometimes put whether sermons ought to be extemporary. To such a question we should say that there can be but one answer. Extemporaneous preaching is simply detestable when we understand by it improvised preaching. It is nothing short of ridiculous arrogance for any man to get up into the pulpit and treat a congregation to the mere accidental skimmings of his mind. In the excitement of debate, a man already full of his subject may very probably pour out a more impressive oration than he could have elaborated in his study. The substance is there, and all he has to do is to give it the form which is most appropriate to the feelings of the moment; but then a preacher is not a debater. He has not the stimulus of a struggle, nor has he to discuss a merely personal question; and a sermon which has been delivered without premeditation will be forgotten without regret. If, on the other hand, extemporary be understood in a sense compatible with careful previous preparation, the answer is as plain in the other sense. No true orator who understands, as every true orator must understand, the primary importance of placing himself thoroughly in sympathy with his audience, can bear to be fettered by a previously written discourse. A spoken pamphlet is notoriously a most depressing production both for the speaker and the hearers. The words should come fresh from the brain, and be moulded on the spur of the moment. The preacher, indeed, should have the framework fully impressed upon his mind; he should be in no danger of losing the thread of his discourse, though he should be able to drop it and to take it up again, to insist upon the telling points, and to pass over more rapidly those which are uninteresting at a moment's notice. An orator is in many ways an actor; and as the most experienced dramatists fail to predict the fate of a play until it is actually performed, so the most experienced author can only be quite sure of his effects when he instinctively feels whether or not they are congenial to the mood of his hearers. From this it would seem to follow that, as the great body of preachers, like the great body of all other classes, are very poor orators, it is better for nine men out of ten to trust to written sermons, which may at least be sensible, if they are not stirring; and that only the tenth, who feels the true impulse, should aim at the higher effects which are obtainable by the extemporary speaker alone. And from this it would apparently follow again that a treatise on extemporary preaching is not likely to be of much practical use. It naturally falls into a more or less systematic collection of rules. Those only can make good use of them who do not require them. The heaven-born orator will regard them instinctively in most cases, and he will disregard them equally when he comes upon an exception. The orator manufactured in the schools will find them a clog upon his energies and a temptation to pedantic formality, and after all will be but a wooden imitation of the genuine speaker. In short, one would be inclined to say at first sight that extemporary preaching is one of those arts which can be no more taught than poetry. A treatise on the subject may possibly help critics to lay down sound canons for judging the works of men of genius; but it cannot provide even a tolerable substitute for genius. It may help us to understand why we have been moved, but can hardly enable us to move others.

Mr. Potter, who is a Professor of Sacred Eloquence in a Roman Catholic College, and whose book bears the *imprimatur* of Cardinal Cullen, has not been discouraged by these obvious considerations from writing a book upon the subject. Though he would apparently agree in much that we have said, he believes, as a professor is bound to believe, in the power of systematic training. His method of teaching indeed goes to show that he believes more in the efficacy of practice than of precept. The students over whom he presides have first to go through a two years' course of English literature. Then during three years they have to compose a sermon once every three weeks, on an appointed subject. A certain number of these sermons are delivered in public, and are criticized by the professor. Though of course the sermons are not likely to be valuable in themselves, the practice thus obtained is expected to give command of language and habit in arranging ideas, and to enable the students afterwards to take up extemporary preaching. We see no reason to doubt that the results, as the professor believes, are satisfactory, and we could wish to see a similar course of instruction carried out for the benefit of our own clergy. No one could wish otherwise who has occasionally had to witness the painful spectacle of a well-meaning youth suddenly put up to instruct an educated audience when he has never before put two words together in public. We only venture to doubt whether the simple habit is not of more value than the theoretical instructions on which it is supposed to be based. We should be inclined even to think that the best of all practice is that which is frequently obtained in the much ridiculed institutions called debating clubs. Silly as is most of the eloquence expended at the Oxford and Cambridge Unions, the training received is not to be despised. The lads learn to think upon their legs, not to be put out by the concentrated gaze of a few scores of human eyes, and to appreciate the importance of keeping alert their own intellects and the attention of their audience. The hearers have the great merit that they are not squeamish in expressing their feelings; and perhaps their spontaneous verdict is more efficacious than the formal criticism of a Professor of Eloquence.

However this may be, we have little left to find with the doc-

trines put forward by Mr. Potter. They are sensible and often forcibly expressed; and the only remark we should be inclined to make is that they possibly run a little too much into a pseudo-systematic form. A professor is naturally inclined to classify and subdivide more than his subject will fairly bear. Nothing, for example, can be more true than his remarks on the importance of having a single leading idea and a definite practical aim. The student, he tells us, is to "remember that his sermon will be nothing more than the development of one great leading practical truth, and that this truth, embodied in a plain practical proposition, to be enunciated more or less formally as circumstances may require or suggest, will form the foundation of his discourse." We begin to hesitate a little when this doctrine is stated in the form that every orderly sermon should be reducible to a syllogism. "Besplas," says Mr. Potter, "explains this clearly and well. Every sermon, says he, is a syllogism, of which the major is contained in the introduction, the minor in the proposition, the arguments or proofs in the body of the discourse, and the consequence in the peroration." This fact is illustrated by the skeleton of a sermon on Mortal Sin. The leading idea is that there is only one real evil in the world, the evil of mortal sin. The introduction states that if there be only one real evil in the world, we, if we were really Christians, should be horror-struck at the thought of offending God by it. The proposition considers mortal sin severally as an offence to God, as an injury to ourselves, and as an egregious folly. And the conclusion is that we should do our utmost to avoid sinning. We confess that this meagre account of the sermon reminds us of one composed by a certain preacher of five years old. This text, he began, teaches us that we should all be good; and after some reflection, he added, and that none of us should be naughty. Perhaps as a teacher of Irish youths Mr. Potter is right in insisting upon the primary importance of strict logical arrangement; and yet we cannot help feeling that these syllogisms are the mere dry bones of oratory, and that oratory modelled upon them is likely to show the skeleton a little too clearly. Mr. Potter, indeed, goes on to insist very forcibly on the necessity of avoiding excessive formality, and he admits the impossibility of laying down any "very strict rules" in regard to the greater part of the subject. We feel indeed that his skeleton sermon might become the driest of all possible discourses in the hands of a dull speaker, just as it might glow with irrepressible fervour in the hands of a master of the art. All that he says is true enough and important in its way; but it goes a very little way. Clearness of aim and thorough command of the subject is necessary in all preaching; elaborate preparation, such as he suggests, is at least as necessary in extemporary as in other preaching; but after this has been done comes the real difficulty, and that is where all rules fail us. Mr. Potter himself gives the true secret of success in his concluding pages. "The popular preacher," he says, "must be thoroughly in earnest. It is one of the conditions of success which nature has laid down, and he must be content to abide by the general law." We should prefer to say that it is the one condition of success. To preach a really effective sermon, a man should believe every word that he says, and believe that it is of vast importance to his hearers. No sermon preached under such conditions, not even the sermon of poor Sammy Breeze the Methodist, whom Mr. Potter appears to regard as the type of all Protestant orators, will fail to impress an audience. If a man really believes that you will be damned if you don't accept his preaching, he becomes a power at once. If he is secretly conscious that it does not very much matter whether you believe it or not, and if he is not very certain whether it is particularly true, he will fail to impress you though he spake with the tongues of men and of angels. If it be true, as Mr. Potter hypothetically suggests, that few preachers nowadays ever convert a sinner, because there are few who ever propose to themselves to do anything of the kind, there is no need of further reasons for explaining the want of good sermons. The successful preachers whom he mentions, from Sammy Breeze up to Dr. Newman, all possess the same secret and may all be useful in their various ways. We do not of course mean to suggest that reasoning powers, or thorough education, or refined taste and oratorical practice may not be of the utmost value. But his rules seem of necessity to be either too narrow or too wide. If he confines himself simply to advocating simplicity and good arrangement of matter, his precepts, though sound and sensible, take us but a little way; when he goes further he is really exhorting his hearers to be genuine believers, powerful reasoners, and learned, warm-hearted, and genial men; and though such qualities are essentially requisite to the highest kind of oratory, they scarcely come within the scope of an oratorical treatise. So far, however, as Mr. Potter helps to impress upon young preachers of any persuasion the necessity of a careful study of their art, his book may be useful. We may say, in conclusion, that it is not confined in its application to any sect. He seems, as is natural, to assume very erroneously that grotesque and silly conceits are confined to Protestants, and that great preachers are naturally Catholics. It would be easy to produce abundant examples in opposition to both of these opinions, but the book deals very indirectly with controversy, and the author quotes with approval the works of men of radically different schools of thought.

* *The Spoken Word; or, the Art of Extemporaneous Preaching.* By the Rev. Thomas J. Potter. Dublin: M'Glashan & Gill. 1872.

SHE WAS YOUNG AND HE WAS OLD.

IF the title of this novel is somewhat cumbrous, it has the unusual merit of indicating both the plot and the character of the story. Running calmly through its three volumes, unbroken by sensational writing or incident, the story at times becomes tedious. We may describe it as a study of negatives; of indefinite unsatisfied longings, of innocence sacrificing itself to generous impulses, and appreciating the painful sacrifice at leisure. The young girl who has married her father's friend and her mother's benefactor learns slowly that she has marred her own existence, while evincing her gratitude at a cost to herself which her husband never realizes. She is a simple, unpretending, and exceedingly clever sketch; while the spoiled little sister to whom she is a mother is instinct with piquancy and quiet humour. The author—whom we venture pretty confidently to set down as a woman—is an exceedingly graceful writer, with a good deal of literary taste. Her pair of sisters have evidently been a work of love, and of some pride as well. We may congratulate her on a success. Faults we might pick out in the character of the elder girl. Prudish moralists might put harsher constructions on her conduct than we are inclined to do, and captious critics might urge that her free innocence of behaviour was inconsistent with her premature womanhood and sound common sense. We are inclined to say that critics and moralists would both be wrong, and to pronounce her not only possible, but probable. She is certainly made so very life-like that we have learned to look at her with her creator's partial eyes, and to regard her inconsistencies as no more than may fall to the lot of the most excellent and high-principled of mortals. Perhaps the sisters spoil us; but when we quit their society we do not care so much for the rest of the company. The most telling of the subordinate characters are foreigners, and they figure rarely and dimly in the remote background, and are dashed in in the faintest outline. Mr. Marshall, the elderly husband, is very much of a nonentity, although natural enough so far as he goes. But we should be loth to believe that English society as a rule is so very unattractive as the author would persuade us. We should be inclined to think she is most at home when abroad; that she paints her home-bred country people only at second-hand. She impartially attributes to all classes an unfair preponderance of vulgarity, eccentricity, and folly. We have no doubt it is of deliberate design that she makes so many persons moving in "the best society" vulgar in their instincts, and consequently in their demeanour. As she has shown in her heroine, few authors can identify themselves more absolutely with delicacy and refinement. But we English have so much to answer for in the way of social snobbery that we are sensitive as to suffering our country to be caricatured without a word of remonstrance. Not that the satire—if satire it be meant for—is likely to sting in this instance. All these secondary personages look not only dim, but blurred, by the side of the bright and sparkling heroines. We shrewdly suspect that the author knew something of Nellie and Georgie Urquhart in the flesh, but we are satisfied that the rest of them are far more ideal than realistic. The surly, cross-grained baronet, with his submissive, sickly wife; Mr. Nugent, the crotchety domestic tyrant, and his good-humoured better half; Mrs. Bland, the rector's lady, gushing and voluble toady of Miss Chesney, the overbearing spinster sister at the Hall; Amethyst Berners, the purse-proud beauty and heiress, who seems to us simply impossible in any decent society, and whom any gentleman must have been slow to admire, in spite of her charms and her heavy purse; the gossiping ladies of the little provincial town of Easterton, and Mrs. Ellison, the solicitor's wealthy sister—these on the whole have perhaps more lenient measure dealt them than their social betters; although we can quite sympathize with Mrs. Marshall's objections to a close intimacy with them. One other personage we have reserved to the last, and that is the hero. As his character and conduct mix themselves up inextricably with those of the heroine, we shall say no more of him here than that we take him as a proof the more that the book is written by a lady.

It is a case of liking at first sight, when we make the acquaintance of the heroine. Nellie Urquhart is tending her dying mother, in the mixed society of a Swiss pension. She is at once a woman and a girl, or rather a child. Her character is as firm as her heart is fresh. It has become a habit with her to consider herself after her mother and her sister. With her primitive foreign breeding, she has no sense of the superficial proprieties on which English society insists; and it is because the bloom of innocence lies still upon her nature that she speaks so frankly on subjects which most English girls would avoid. Her dying mother leaves her with a scanty income and a younger sister. It is evident to Miss Urquhart that she must do something for a livelihood, and her natural resource is the situation of a governess. It is her dream that she should light upon some genial and wealthy household, where her sister might be welcomed as well as herself. The dream fulfils itself in a more probable shape when Mr. Marshall, the well-to-do Easterton solicitor, appears upon the scene, and offers her his hand. In the arrangements that follow, the foreign side of Eleanor's English character is admirably worked out. Her mother is dead; Mr. Marshall is her guardian as well as the aspirant to her hand. She has an intimate Swiss friend, who had

just married an elderly professor, and she has seen and almost envied their *ménage*. She is imbued with the foreign idea that well-regulated marriages are matters of family arrangement. She has been left "her own mother," and it naturally devolves upon her to discuss the affair and decide upon it. She shows even less consciousness than the elderly lawyer of the delicate ground she is often treading on. He is inclined to blush and be bashful when she touches on sentimental considerations, until, looking in her face, her intense unconsciousness reassures him. All the time we see, although she may not, that she has heart and plenty of it; for, ignoring possibilities of the future, she regards her marriage far more as a matter of business than of sentiment. She knows nothing of love in a matrimonial sense, and never thinks of it. The treasures of her affection she lavishes on her little sister. It is for Georgie that she consents without reluctance to discharge the family debt of gratitude to Mr. Marshall, and ungrateful Georgie has taken a strong prejudice against the family benefactor. Naturally the little girl cannot understand her sister's loving him, so she is scarcely jealous. Yet she has heard it said that husbands should have the first place in their wives' affections, and, puzzling herself upon that point, she puts her sister through a suggestive and searching cross-examination. The scene is delicious where the child, expressing precocious thoughts in infantine language, sets herself to embarrass her sister as of malice prepense. We do not say that Georgie is the best character in the book, because her sister Eleanor is, as she ought to be, the more highly finished of the two. Eleanor evinces more unobtrusive talent, both in conception and execution. But, unquestionably, Georgie does most to brighten the pages. She shows herself in reality the clever child she is supposed to be, and yet her cleverness is never overdone so as to seem unnatural. There are many of her speeches we have smiled over, and had we the space we should like to quote them. But quoting here and there would do her scanty justice, for the very reason that she is a child, and not a wit, and her sententious prattle is diffuse rather than epigrammatic.

The story opens in Switzerland, and it is in Switzerland that the *dénouement* occurs, such as it is. The rest of the scene is laid in England. She was young and he was old, and she gradually begins to find it out. He is all that is indulgent to her, but utterly unsympathetic with the deeper feelings that time and circumstances awaken. The discovery was inevitable, but she might not have made it so soon had it not been for a neighbour whose acquaintance she has formed—Maurice Chesney, the half-brother and heir of the disagreeable Baronet. We do not know precisely what was the author's original conception of him. We suspect she rather let him form himself, while she concentrated her own care on the heroine. At least under her hands he changes for the worse and the weaker, notwithstanding the ennobling influence of the heroine's society and loftier character. Maurice Chesney is presented to us as clever and eccentric, but we had no conception at first that he was intended to be so utterly feeble. We believed him one of those indolent characters who let the world slide, and do not think it worth while to brace themselves for the sake of coming off the conqueror in every petty squabble. We never doubted it was the author's idea that he should succeed Mr. Marshall in possession of Nelly, winning such a love with her as the worthy solicitor had never enjoyed. We do not think we were wrong. We do not believe that the author calmly contemplated from the commencement that the charming Nelly should end in cheerless solitude the life she had sacrificed to filial and sisterly affection. Of course Chesney falls imperceptibly but desperately in love with her. In her perfect innocence of intention she has always welcomed him to her house in her husband's absence; they have exchanged favourite authors, and together they have studied German. Eleanor is even more deeply touched than Maurice Chesney; but while he has awakened to the state of his feelings, she has been sleepwalking in ignorance of them to the very brink of an abyss. There is a Francesca da Rimini scene, although the termination is innocently different. Mr. Marshall might not have altogether admired the relations between his wife and his acquaintance had he assisted at their interviews, or been deeper in their secrets. But certainly he would have had no reason to impeach his wife's purity, or lose faith in her principles. We think the scene we have referred to very true to nature. Perhaps for the first time Eleanor feels that she is a woman and learns that she has a heart. Before that we may have doubted the warmth of her blood and her feelings. Now we awaken to the temptations she has to contend with, and are alive to the unhappiness of her lot. Although her lover holds her for a moment in his arms, although she rests there for a moment before she rouses herself to withdraw, yet she has only provoked the compassion of virtue, without alienating its sympathies. There is nothing in the scene akin to those which some of our modern novelists colour so sensually. It gives life-like reality to a candid character, without leaving a stain upon the page. The end of all this is what we most object to, and we object not merely on artistic considerations. We have come to care too much about Nelly not to be concerned in her fate. Her husband dies of apoplexy at an appropriate time, and although we do not think much of Maurice Chesney ourselves, yet she is earnestly attached to him. Weak as he is, he would make an excellent husband as husbands go. He has many amiable qualities, is highly accomplished, and will succeed to wealth and position. By her marrying him romantic justice will be vindicated, for he will install his wife at the Hall,

* *She was Young and He was Old*. By the Author of "Lover and Husband." London: Tinsley Brothers. 1872.

where his disagreeable half-sister has often snubbed her. What then forbids the banns? We cannot conceive. But Maurice marries in India a woman whom he likes with a languid affection. Invalid as she is, she is not put out of the way when her husband and his old flame are thrown together in the last chapter over his little boy's sick-bed. Eleanor has shown the old self-sacrificing devotion, yet she is compelled to take refuge in good works and confirmed widowhood. Nor is the fate of the brilliant and beautiful Georgie what we might have anticipated, although we have reason to hope that she is happy. She becomes the wife of a Swiss provincial doctor, clever certainly, and strongly attached to her. For more reasons than one, we like the conclusion less than any other part of the book; but one of these reasons is that the book has so very much to recommend it.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE condition of Egypt, a subject of importance to all the leading European States, is in an especial degree the concern of England, while the connexion of German interests with it is comparatively remote. We are nevertheless unable to refer to any English work which precisely addresses itself to the task now successfully performed by a German writer, Herr Heinrich Stephan.* We have abundance of books of travel, many of them admirable in their way, and indirectly containing a large amount of information respecting the administration, the agriculture, and the commerce of the country. It seems, however, to have been reserved for Herr Stephan to prepare a work with exclusive reference to this end, resisting the seductions of Oriental manners and of archeology, and embodying all accessible data within narrow limits, yet with perfect lucidity of treatment. The work bears the impress of extreme industry, of a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and of a candour unusual in dealing with topics where private interests are so largely involved. The experiment now being carried out in Egypt is one of great importance, and may be defined as the unsparing application of European industrial and financial ideas to the management of an Oriental country, the corresponding moral and political ideas being kept in abeyance. The problem, therefore, differs materially from that proposed to itself by the Government in India, or even in Japan, where the independent spirit of the people would prevent any such systematic coercion of the toiling masses for the advantage of the wealthy as undoubtedly prevails in Egypt. There seems little doubt that Ismael Pasha's policy is entirely egotistical, directed to his own private gain rather than, as with Mohammed Ali, to the elevation of Egypt in the scale of nations. The point to be settled is whether the development of the resources of the country does not offer a sufficient compensation—whether the advantage of the ruler does not virtually include the advantage of the people also. Such would appear to be, on the whole, Herr Stephan's opinion, and indeed the utility of many of the important public works carried out by the Khedive is incontestable. Educational and similar institutions are, however, too often designed merely as traps for European public opinion, and it is a question with the author whether even the industrial activity of late years has been in all respects judiciously directed. The profitable manufacture of sugar, for example, in which an enormous capital has been invested, is impeded by the high price of fuel; while the amount already sunk in machinery compels the speculator to persevere. Want of fuel, indeed, is one of the chief difficulties of the country; another is the want of manure, which, by denying the wheat plant the phosphates essential for its perfection, hinders Egypt from being as of old the granary of nations. Both these drawbacks to prosperity might be remedied by patience and system, but the ruling powers crave rapid profits. Crops dependent on the fertilizing deposit of the Nile succeed as of old; so do more recent introductions, and the landscape, unchanged for thousands of years, is modified by the acclimatized novelties of sugar, cotton, maize, and indigo. The author treats the commerce of the country very fully, and with as much statistical precision as possible; he also does his best to throw light on the mysteries of Egyptian finance, which seems to be based on the principle of paying old debts by contracting new ones. An interesting chapter on the judicial system is accompanied by reflections on the condition and prospects of the Mohammedan religion, which the author apparently regards as destined to extinction in countries so immediately exposed as Egypt to the influence of Western culture. According to him, the phenomenon which is at present in course of manifestation in the Church of Rome has already occurred in Islam. The theologians have triumphed over the philosophers, and in achieving their victory have reduced their creed to a *caput mortuum* of ignorant fanaticism, with every possibility of improvement or development extinguished. A most interesting and instructive volume is concluded by a chapter on the Suez Canal, which, however, contains less of positive novelty than the rest of the book.

In the general confusion and distraction of Spanish affairs † it is something to say that they should at least be capable of affording material for an entertaining book. Herr Wilhelm Lauser's lively sketches, in so far as they relate to the political situation,

produce somewhat of the effect of a show of fantoccini, or of a choreographic interlude between the acts of a serious drama. Sovereigns, pretenders, statesmen, generals, orators, priests, and mob, cross and recross the stage in motley masquerade, a picturesque throng, earnestly engaged in doing nothing. The clue to this busy sterility is apparently the absence of an intelligent public opinion, without which the attempt to endow the country with durable institutions can but result in the multiplication of the only description of châteaux which Spanish political architecture has hitherto been competent to produce. The situation is very nearly that which would exist in the neighbouring Latin nations if these had no dominant idea to stimulate and concentrate the national energies—if Italy had no hard-won unity to maintain, and France no lost prestige to recover. Could Spain unite in some common aspiration, all might yet be well; but at present her political sentence is plunged into the profoundest torpor, while obscure and shadowy adventurers flit around her couch like gnats, numberless, evanescent, and voracious. Herr Lauser's sketches of this condition of affairs are excellent in style and colouring, and are the more impressive from the apparent absence of all political bias. The leading personages of the time, such as they are, seem fairly as well as vividly characterized; and a description of the sitting of the Cortes, in particular, conveys a lively impression of that still courteous and dignified body. Chapters on Spanish literature and art, the drama, public lectures, and the Protestant congregation at Madrid, contain matter of more originality, and are so well executed as to make us wish that these subjects had been treated at greater length. In the Protestant movement, restricted as it is at present, in Señor Gil y Zarate's dramas, and in Señor Canovas's courageous exhortations to his countrymen to take pattern by the Teutonic races, we discover at least the germs of a moral and intellectual revival, which, could it but once obtain free development, would soon supersede the wretched dynasty of selfish military and political adventurers that has so long afflicted the country.

"The Realm of Tantalus and Croesus" ‡ does not, as we were at first inclined to conjecture, denote modern society with its paupers and its capitalists, but a region where both these descriptions of inhabitants are rare—ancient Lydia itself. Our tourist, Professor Stark, possesses a keen eye for scenery, and a gift of condensed and vivid description which enables him to depict the natural, social, and archaeological features of the country with a precision agreeably surpassing expectations grounded merely upon the hasty character of his visit, and the restricted scale of his little book. The principal objects of his investigation were the tomb of Tantalus, the rock of Niobe (where the traces of human labour are clearly apparent), and the Acropolis of Sardes. Our curiosity is strongly excited by his mention of numerous sepulchral mounds in the neighbourhood of Sardes, none of which have been opened by any European. It may be hoped that they will not remain unexplored much longer, the operations of archeologists being now greatly facilitated by the Smyrna and Cassaba railway, of which Professor Stark amply availed himself. His account of the material condition of the district, except in Smyrna and the vicinity, is by no means favourable; at the same time it is but just to acknowledge that the present state of dilapidation and depopulation seems to be rather a legacy from the Byzantines than the creation of the Turks.

Dr. Gustav Gilbert's "Studies on the Ancient History of Sparta" § embrace a thorough and erudite discussion of all the problems which have tried the ingenuity of scholars in connexion with it, from the immigration of the Heracleidae to the emigration of the Parthenii. Lyncurgus finds no mercy as an historical personage; his identity with the sun is as clear as sunshine to the vision of Dr. Gilbert. We anxiously await the forthcoming identification of the Athenian lawgiver with the rival luminary; the affinity between *Solon* and *Selene* speaks for itself.

Professor Kinkel ¶ is an ardent admirer of Euripides, and contends that the spirit of the age of Pericles is most faithfully represented in his writings. Without disrespect either to the genius or the intellectual significance of the poet, it might have appeared more reasonable to regard him as the precursor of a new era than as the interpreter of his own. His affinities are surely with his successors rather than with his contemporaries; and there seems abundant reason for concluding that during his life he was rather the pet of a coterie than the favourite of the public. This point, however, does not affect the general scope of Professor Kinkel's little treatise, which is to establish Euripides's character as a connoisseur of painting and sculpture from the references in his writings either to those arts in the abstract or to particular examples of them. Another chapter enumerates the works in which artists, in their turn, appear to have been indebted to the suggestions of the poet. The whole essay is a charming study, displaying erudition without pedantry, ingenuity without paradox, and the most refined feeling for art.

Dr. Richard Volkmann's treatise on the rhetoric of the ancients § consists of a digest of the rules handed down by classical

* *Aus dem Reiche des Tantalus und Croesus.* Von Dr. Bernhard Stark. Berlin: Lüderitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Studien zur altspartanischen Geschichte.* Von Dr. Gustav Gilbert. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck & Ruprecht. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Euripides und die Bildende Kunst.* Von Dr. G. Kinkel. Berlin: Ebeling & Plahn. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Rhetorik der Griechen und Römer in systematischer Uebersicht dargestellt.* Von Dr. Richard Volkmann. Berlin: Ebeling & Plahn. London: Williams and Norgate.

* *Das heutige Aegypten. Ein Abriss seiner physischen, politischen, wirtschaftlichen und Cultur-Zustände.* Von Heinrich Stephan. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

† *Aus Spaniens Gegenwart. Cultur-skizzen.* Von Wilhelm Lauser. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

writers on the subject, illustrated by copious examples. After a full discussion of rhetorical display according to subject, under the three principal heads of the forensic, the political, and the panegyric, attention is directed to the topics of arrangement, composition, and delivery. The work is ably prepared, and may serve a purpose not intended by the writer, in directing attention to the elaborate and figurative character of much of ordinary speech. The uninitiated reader may be surprised to discover how many tropes and figures he has habitually employed without knowing it. Dr. Volkmann is warm in his admiration of the efficacy and ingenuity of the ancient system of rules for effective speaking; it is, however, very evident that the eloquence was not created by the rules, but that the rules were deduced from the eloquence.

It is to be regretted that Dr. E. Böhl's position as an Austrian professor of divinity should have led him to impart so decidedly theological a character to his treatise on education; inasmuch as the distrust which this must naturally create in a country which has suffered so much from the interference of the clergy in secular matters must inevitably detract from the influence of a really excellent book. Dr. Böhl's earnest advocacy of the necessity of moral training, and his conception of education as the formation of character rather than the mere communication of knowledge, are most valuable protests and warnings against errors to which the teachers of our period are peculiarly exposed.

We had been accustomed to suppose that the ancient Ethiopic was at present represented in Abyssinia by only two languages, the Amharic and the Tigre. It appears, however, that the latter has thrown out an offshoot, the Tigriña dialect, which, in the opinion of Herr Prætorius, is entitled to the dignity of an independent language. He has prepared a copious grammar from slender resources, Tigriña literature as yet consisting merely of translations from the New Testament executed by or under the superintendence of missionaries. As an example of linguistic development, however, this idiom offers considerable interest, standing one remove further from the Ethiopic than the Tigre does.

The first part of an Anglo-Saxon Glossary, by Heinrich Leo†, contains the verbal primitives arranged in alphabetical order, with their compounds and derivatives. The explanations seem full and clear.

The third and fourth numbers of the series of papers on the principal questions of the day, edited by Von Holtzendorff and Oncken, are devoted to a powerful plea for the acquisition of railway property by the State, from the pen of F. Perrot.‡ The writer insists strongly on the capital arguments on his side of the question—the incompatibility of the interest of the companies with the interest of the public, and the insufficiency of competition as a corrective of this obvious evil. The number of separate Governments in Germany, the fact of the railways being partly owned by the State and partly by private associations, and the consequent divergence of principles of administration, render the inconveniences of divided management more palpable than they are in England. Some striking examples are given, and the evils of speculation are not left unnoticed. Herr Perrot has another argument which we heartily wish were as applicable to this country as the rest, that the necessary funds will soon be in hand. It is proposed to devote the proceeds of the French indemnity to the purpose.

Wilhelm Lübke|| has achieved a position in Germany as a popular historian of the fine arts. The Renaissance style is precisely adapted to his taste, which is rather for the commodious and ornate than for the expressive in art. His work on the German Renaissance promises, accordingly, to be thoroughly satisfactory. The Renaissance artists are treated in the main from their own point of view, and the beauty of the illustrations, the business-like arrangement of the volume, and the general intelligence of treatment are quite in keeping with the practical spirit of the era described. The most striking feature of the art of the time is its luxurious ostentation, which bespeaks a robust genius, confident, with reason, in its powers of execution, but not restrained by that reverence for the unwritten laws of delicacy and self-restraint which tempered the pride of classical art. The relation, indeed, of the works of the Renaissance to the antique is nearly that of the mythological pictures of Rubens to those of Raphael. The German branch of the school was originally a transplantation from Italy, but rapidly assumed a specific character of its own among a more energetic people, more prone to excess of all kinds on the one hand, and less finely organized on the other. Herr Lübke has judiciously prefixed to his treatise a chapter on the manners of the time, the materials for which are chiefly derived from contemporary writers. In spite of the great spiritual movement which convulsed society, few periods have been less ascetic and more decidedly anti-puritanical. It was an age of intellectual activity, of material prosperity, of exuberant vitality, and reckless profusion. These characteristics acted unfavourably on art, which gradually assumed more and more of a bizarre and extravagant character, until its

extinction in that utter collapse of intellectual activity of any kind which supervened upon the exhaustion of the national resources in the Thirty Years' War.

The utility of a bibliography of editions of the Divine Comedy, or works relating to it, speaks sufficiently for itself, and Herr Julius Petzholdt's *Bibliographia Dantea** bears the impress of completeness and accuracy within its narrow limits, only including publications since 1864. One interesting feature is a description of the works of art in illustration of Dante formed by the King of Saxony.

A drama on the subject of Kleist's *Michel Kohlhaas*, by W. P. Graff, is vigorously written, but seems too long for the stage, notwithstanding the numerous passages which the author has considerably marked for omission in case of need.

The excellence of the plan of the *Quarterly German Magazine*†, intended to be a series of English translations of original essays by distinguished German writers, is so incontestable, and its functions as a mediator between the literatures of both nations might be so important, that it is well at once to indicate a serious impediment to its success. This is simply the extreme clumsiness of the translations, and the almost insuperable difficulty which most English readers will experience in getting through them. The translators are evidently countrymen of the writers, competent no doubt to ascertain the nearest English equivalents for the individual German terms, but devoid of any idea of varying the structure of the period itself to meet the requirements of English style. Hardly a sentence is free from awkwardness; not a few are scarcely intelligible. The work should be performed, or at least revised, by Englishmen. Nor is the selection of the three essays which constitute the first number entirely judicious. That on Beethoven, whatever its merits, can only be understood by the limited body of readers who are profoundly versed in his works. The paper on the Right of Conquest proves to be a piece of special pleading on behalf of the recent annexations. That on Dürer, by Hermann Grimm, however, conveys a deep impression of the rich versatility of the artist's genius, and of his significance, not merely as a delineator of German life, but as a representative of German character.

* *Bibliographia Dantea*, ab anno MDCCCLXV inchoata. Edidit Julius Petzholdt. Drestæ: Schoenfeld. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Michel Kohlhaas. Traverspiel.* Von W. P. Graff. Leipzig: Cnobloch. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Quarterly German Magazine. A Series of Popular Essays on Science, History, and Art.* No. 1. Berlin: Habel. London: Williams & Norgate.

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* *Allgemeine Pädagogik.* Von Eduard Böhl. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Grammatik der Tigriñasprache in Abessinien.* Von F. Prætorius. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Angelsächsisches Glossar.* Von H. Leo. Abth. 1. Halle: Buchhandlung des Waisenhauses. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Deutsche Eisenbahnpolitik.* Von F. Perrot. Berlin: Lüderitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Geschichte der Deutschen Renaissance.* Von Wilhelm Lübke. Abth. 1. Stuttgart: Ebner & Seubert. London: Asher & Co.